



THE  
BACCHANALIAN:  
OR,  
CHOICE SPIRITS FEAST.

CONTAINING

All the most celebrated  
NEW SONGS,  
AND  
Favourite Airs, Duetts, Cantatas, &c.  
Sung at the

THEATRES, VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, the  
MUSICAL SOCIETIES, and other Places of  
Public Resort, to this Day.

WITH

Many Droll *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish* SONGS,  
not to be found in any other COLLECTION.

To which is added.

THE CHOICE SPIRITS FEAST;

A Comic Ode, Written by *George Alexander Stephens*,  
and perform'd (with universal Applause) at  
*Ranelagh House*, by Mess. *Skeggs*, *Rooker*, and  
other Choice Spirits.

WITH

Directions for SINGING,

Whereby a Person, with an indifferent Voice, may  
be enabled to sing agreeably.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. TOWERS, in *Piccadilly*.





## R E A D E R.

ACCEPT of these ballads, dear sir, from a friend;

From an oddity, whom, or to blame or commend,  
No mortal e'er gave himself trouble.

Praise is but a vapour, and censure the same,  
And each lunatic schemer, who pines after fame,  
But makes himself vanity's bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink-itch, is a crime,  
Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,  
I no more can help Writing than Eating.

By a mad poet bit I rave out in verse,  
As 'prentices, crack-brain'd, theatric rehearse,  
All be-Garrick'd, King Richard repeating.

*Parnassus* and *Pegasus*, cold *Hippocrene*,  
Are words only form'd to give school-boys the spleen,  
By the curl-pated pedant *Apollo*.

Let the nine muses slide o'er the smooth-shav'n glades,  
No aid I'll accept from those tea-drinking maids,  
But *Bacchus* with bumpers I'll follow.

The Epic, Iambic, Pindaric and Sapphic,  
Are patterns of poetry where with bards traffick,  
With many more names that are harder.

But what are all these to a venison feast?

The dainties of *Hesiod* and *Homer's* a jest,  
Compar'd to the wit of a larder.

That, I always prefer to a classical treat,  
Not cur-like, the shadow exchange for the meat,  
There's more wit in eating than thinking.

Pray what are all similes, to a furloin?  
Or the what-d'ye-call stream to a stream of good wine?  
For merit is center'd in drinking.

The choice-spirit *Horace* has made us some verses,  
And rustical *Roundelays* *Virgil* rehearses,

To be sure they have said some things clever.  
But what are all rhimes to a round of good toasts,  
And then for their metaphors--we've boil'd and roast,  
So beef and a bumper for ever.

## DIRECTIONS *for* SINGING.

### I.

*Chuse a song suitable to your voice.*

THERE are some persons who have a harsh and dissonant pipe, that may succeed very well by chusing a droll song, where the oddity of the matter may make amends for the deficiency in the Singer. A man with a thorough-bass voice would never think of warbling a tender complaining love-song, nor would the lady with a shrill treble pipe, roar out a hunting-song, or a jolly catch for the bottle.

### II.

*Suit your action to the sense or subject-matter of your song.*

AS the sound is or ought to be an eccho to the sense, so the gesture of the Singer should in a manner be set to musick, and keep due time with it. The action must be *proper*. The *dying-lover* will naturally clap his hand to his breast, and the *merry roper* will shake with laughter, *holding both his sides*.

### III.

*Let your action be in a just medium, neither too much nor too little.*

SOME are so over-run with affectation, as to distort the face and body in such a manner, as that a deaf person would naturally think they were crying

crying out with the gripes. Others again are so dead and motionless, that you would think they were speaking statues.

## IV.

*Pronounce the words of your song distinctly, so that it may easily be understood by the company.*

I HAVE known many, who, while they have been singing a common *English* song, have so abounded with quaverings and affected graces, that you could not tell whether they were not singing *Italian*. Others have so mumbled and broke the words of the song, that you might mistake it for *Welsh* or *High-Dutch*. The same care is, therefore, necessary in singing as in reading, to be intelligible; especially in songs admired for the poetry or humour. One of the chief excellencies in Mr. *Beard*, is his *distinct* pronounciation.

## V.

*If you design to sing at all, never wait to be pressed and intreated by the company.*

THIS is so common a fault among the best singers, that whenever I hear a lady complain of a cough, a cold, a hoarseness, or inability, I always reckon myself sure to be agreeably entertained. Sometimes, indeed, a very indifferent singer will make as much ado: but let it be remembered, that the higher our expectations are raised, the greater will be our disappointment.

*Be sure never to chuse a song which may  
give offence to any of the company.*

**I**F any one was to sing at a city-feast---Room for  
Cuckolds, here comes a great company---he would  
be sure to disoblige the lord mayor, and the whole  
corporation. In like manner, were I to sing before  
an old maiden aunt--- *I am an old virgin by maidens  
despis'd.*---she would be very apt to apply it to her-  
self. But above all I must caution the male-fingers  
never to put a lady to the blush by any indecent songs,  
since, as the poet observes,

*Immodest words admit of no defence,  
And want of decency is want of sense.*





T H E  
I N D E X.

A

<i>AS</i> liberty, from out the sky,	10
<i>A</i> courting I went to my love,	14
<i>Amongst</i> the pure ones all,	23
<i>A</i> trifling song you shall bear,	24
<i>Andrew</i> and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,	26
<i>A</i> taylor, good lord, in the time of vacation,	27
<i>A</i> plumber I am, and I work for my bread,	49
<i>As</i> blyth as the linnet sings in the green wood	49
<i>As</i> Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way	60
<i>As</i> Nell sat underneath her cow	61
<i>As</i> porter Will along St. Paul's did move	66
<i>Ab</i> whither so fast wou'd my Corydon go	78
<i>As</i> I was a driving my waggon one day	84
<i>As</i> tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry	85
<i>All</i> on the pleasant banks of Tweed	102
<i>As</i> Jockey was walking one midsummer morn	122
<i>As</i> Delia (blest with ev'ry grace)	124
<i>Aspiring</i> Sol whose glad some rays	125
<i>A</i> taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret	135
<i>As</i> Chloë sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool air	136
<i>As</i> Chloë came into the room t'other day	137
<i>As</i> Chloë was bathing one hot summer's day	167
<i>Arab</i> , my Judy, was not I a booby,	168
<i>Ask</i> if yon Damon rose be sweet	173

B

<i>BALLOW</i> , my boy, lie still and sleep	11
<i>By</i> the side of a green stagnate pool	21
<i>Before</i> the urchin well cou'd go	29
<i>Behold</i> my brave Britons the fair springing gale,	65
<i>Beauty</i> and music charm the soul	68
<i>Britannia's</i> fervent pray'r great George has heard	68
<i>Blythe</i> Collin's blest Art,	101
<i>By</i> a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve	133



## C

<b>C</b> HASTE queen of night! whose glist'ring ray	3
Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair	30
Come ever smiling liberty	31
Come my jolly brisk boys, lay your hop-poles aside	60
Cleora sat beneath a shade,	62
Come, fie, let's a' to the bridal	145
Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell	174

## D

<b>D</b> UMBARTON's drums beat bonny o,	21
Dearest Daphne turn thine eyes	64
Dear Tom, this brown jug,	82
De'el take the wars, &c.	97

## F

<b>F</b> ROM rosy bowers, where sleeps &c.	22
Fanny fairer than a flower	63

## G

<b>G</b> AFFER and Gammer were fast &c.	31
Give us glasses, ny wench	80
Good Sir, do not start I'll teach you an art	152
Good gentlemen, I pray draw near	171
Gay Damon long studied my heart to obtain	173

## H

<b>H</b> OW gentle was my Damon's air	32
Heil to the myrtle shade	33
Hail masonry, thou craft divine,	34
Hark, away 'tis the merry ton'd horn,	35
Hark, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn,	36
How blythe was I each morn to see,	37
He that a cuckold is let it not grieve him	37
However some in coaches, or barrowes &c.	119
Hark, Daphne, from the barwithorn bush	123
How oft some chiefs fond words impart	126
Haste, haste Phillis haste, 'tis the first of May	128
How easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay	132
How little do the landmen know	150
Happy the time when last in rhyme	151
	I,

# I N D E X.

ix

## I

<b>I</b> F love's a sweet passion	15
If wine be a cordial, why does it torment,	38
In my triumphant chariot hurl'd	39
John Anderson, my Jo	50
If ever, oh! Hymen you grant me a wife	55
I us'd, I remember it well	59
In Chloris all soft charms agree	67
I lost myself when first I view'd	70
Imperious love, whose secret fire	92
I never lov'd but one fair maid	96
I am a young virgin that oft has been told	104
I heard much talk of Oxford town,	114
In Tyburn road a man there liv'd	141
In mirth and pastime ev'ry hour employ	157
I have a tenement to lett	169

## L

<b>L</b> IFE is chequer'd, toil and pleasure	39
Last time I saw my Chloe's eyes	56
Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain	63
Long time my heart had rov'd	67
Lay that sullen garland by thee	121
Love thou bane of soft content	124
Let 'prentice bards poetic scribble	131

## M

<b>M</b> OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn	154
---	-----

## N

<b>N</b> EAR a thick grove, whose deep &c.	77 78
No more for another my bosom should glow	61
Near the side of a pond at the foot of a hill	15
No shepherd was like Strephon gay	105
Now rise, my soul, and tune thy voice to sing	131
No nymph that trips the verdant plains	143

## O

<b>O</b> NCE more I'll tune the vocal shell	40
Oft greedy Midas, I've been told	41
Oh, my little Punchenello,	42
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil &c.	43

# \* I N D E X.

<i>On, on, my dear brethren, &amp;c.</i>	43
<i>Once in our lives</i>	44
<i>Of Constance holy legends tell</i>	57
<i>Oh how blissful 'tis to languish</i>	58
<i>Oh ! what had I to do for to marry</i>	97
<i>One morn e'er sweet Peggy arose from her bed</i>	139
<i>One morn e'er sweet Sue</i>	149

## P

<b>POWERFUL</b> guardian of all nature	44
--	----

## R

<b>ROUS'D</b> Europe now is up in arms	54
--	----

## S

<b>SURE</b> Sally is the loveliest lass	15
<i>Smile, smile, Britannia smile</i>	19
<i>Sure a lass in her bloom, &amp;c.</i>	129
<i>Save women and wine, there is nothing in life</i>	45
<i>Say good master Bacchus, astride on your butt</i>	45
<i>Stand around my brave boys with heart &amp;c.</i>	45
<i>Stella and Flavia</i>	46
<i>Sick of the world fair Delia flew</i>	48
<i>Since again bold defiance appears to proud France</i>	52
<i>Say, does thy jealous fears proceed</i>	70
<i>Since Sylvia flights my love</i>	72
<i>Some courtly you whom love inspires</i>	108
<i>Spinsters divine, ye muses nine,</i>	109
<i>Sure a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen</i>	129
<i>Since Cælia's unkind, and denies me the joy</i>	132
<i>Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins, &amp;c.</i>	134
<i>Some four years ago I made Phillis an offer</i>	155

## T

<b>T</b> OO long a giddy, wandring youth	2
<i>The wicked wits as fancy hits</i>	8
<i>The sun in virgin lustre shone</i>	9
<i>The lawland lads think they are fine</i>	47
<i>The heroes preparing to finish the war</i>	54
<i>Thus Kitty beautiful and young</i>	58
<i>To convent, stream, and shady grove</i>	72

# I N D E X.

xi

<i>Teady Foley, thou art my darling</i>	73
<i>Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May</i>	75
<i>'Twas cold when young Roger had leave, &amp;c.</i>	76
<i>Thus I said to my heart in a pet t'other day</i>	80
<i>The Rufs loves brandy, Dutchman beer</i>	87
<i>The infant spring was smiling</i>	88
<i>To Phillis and Chloe, and all the gay throng</i>	90
<i>The bride came fra the barn</i>	99
<i>The sun beam'd forth intensely bright</i>	103
<i>This world is a stage</i>	110
<i>Two ears at a time are too many for use</i>	112
<i>The chace is o'er, and on the plain</i>	118
<i>To some petty sinner go wheedle and whine</i>	120
<i>To an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be led</i>	138
<i>The lillies of France and the fair English rose</i>	142
<i>Tom Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,</i>	147
<i>Thank God, at last, the priest has fast &amp;c.</i>	150
<i>Tho' darknes still attends me</i>	153
<i>The choice spirits feast</i>	159
<i>'Twas at a ven'son feast, at cricket won</i>	160
<i>The festive board was met, the social band</i>	174
<i>To my ditty, good people, give ear</i>	176
<i>To his poor cell a satyr led</i>	179
<i>The sun, his gladsome beams withdraws</i>	179

## U

<i>VULCAN contrive me such a cup</i>	87
--------------------------------------	----

## W

<i>WELL met pretty nymph says a jolly young swain</i>	1
<i>Was Nancy but a rural maid</i>	17
<i>Why will Delia thus retire</i>	53
<i>While beaus to please the ladies write</i>	55
<i>When Orpheus went down to the regions below</i>	74
<i>When Orpheus, &amp;c.</i>	74
<i>Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know &amp;c.</i>	76
<i>We may boldly assert what no mortal denies</i>	80
<i>Wine, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth</i>	86
<i>Whither, Bacchus, wouldst thou bear me</i>	89
<i>When Damon first my eyes beheld</i>	94

<i>When Britain first at heav'n's command</i>	119
<i>We've fought, we have conquer'd, &amp;c.</i>	137
<i>When the rose is in bud, and blue vi'lets blow</i>	140
<i>When first procreation began</i>	156
<i>When Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the green</i>	172
<i>When tutor'd by mother she oftentimes said</i>	178

## Y

<i>YOUNG scornful Daphne Damon lov'd,</i>	5
<i>Young Daphne was the prettiest maid</i>	7
<i>Young Damon amorous and sincere</i>	62
<i>Ye busy tribe that haunt the court</i>	69
<i>Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things</i>	93
<i>Young Colin protests I'm his joy and delight</i>	106
<i>Young Colin sought my heart to gain</i>	107
<i>Ye nymphs who preside o'er the musical throng</i>	113
<i>Ye lasses so pretty, so wanton, so witty</i>	139
<i>Young Strephon he went t'other day to the wake</i>	144
<i>You may say what you will, but Belinda's &amp;c,</i>	175

## Z

<i>ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,</i>	158
--------------------------------	-----

## Songs inserted since the First Edition.

<i>The choice Spirits</i>	xiii
<i>That life is a joke by the wise 'tis confess'd</i>	xiv
<i>Ye well chose choice spirits who blazon this throng</i>	xv
<i>Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart</i>	xvii
<i>One morning good humour brought wit for a guest</i>	xviii
<i>A favourite medley</i>	xx
<i>A last four lovers bad</i>	xxi
<i>As Doll beneath the hay-mow slept</i>	xxiii
<i>I'll sing you a song, sirs, it is my intention</i>	xxv
<i>Contented I am, and contented I'll be</i>	xxvi
<i>A dialogue between the Pope and the Devil</i>	xxvii
<i>One evening when primroses painted the fields</i>	xxx
<i>From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise</i>	xxxi
<i>To the words which sing, fellow-subjects attend</i>	xxxii
<i>Our great George our King</i>	xxxiii
<i>Wanton one night</i>	xxxiv
<i>Be brisk bowl, drink my toast,</i>	xxxvi



The Songs from Page xiii to Page xxxvi are added  
since the First Edition.

S O N G.

*The* C H O I C E S P I R I T S.

To the Tune of, *Stand round my brave Boys, &c.*  
SIT round my brave boys, and assist my bad voice,  
As loud to the World I declare,  
While a bumper can flow, that we'll ne'er cease to  
shew,

How joyous the Choice Spirits are, &c. &c.

II.

The Soldier must arm, at the trumpets alarm,  
For battle he's bid to prepare ;  
He our foes puts to rout, we the bottle put about,  
'To shew what the Choice Spirits are, &c. &c.

III.

The bucks the town yields, and the bucks of the fields,  
Who are chasing the harlot or hare ;  
No more dangers wou'd pursue, but the bottle keep  
in view,

Did they hunt where the Choice Spirits are, &c.

IV.

The prude that pretends, that a man's touch offends,  
And to die an old maid will declare ;  
Did she take a glass of this, she wou'd never take  
amiss,

To try what the Choice Spirits are, &c.

V.

Ye love-sick poetic, ye poets dramatic,  
Ye buskins who Tragedy tear ;  
Leave the paper wasting art, quit each rant, and start,  
And as Choice Spirits act if you dare, &c.

VI.

From the tutor got free, *alamode a Paris*,  
See the fop with his puff-powder'd hair ;

He'd



He'd his looking-glass forsake, if a drinking-glass  
he'd take.

And come where the Choice Spirits are, &c.

## VII.

By no party perplex'd, wit and wine is our text,  
Love and friendship then form up the square ;  
Neither interest old or new, neither Gipsey nor Jew,  
Comes under a Choice Spirit's care, &c.

## VIII.

No more I'll rehearse, but I'll end here my verse,  
Tho' it is on a subject so rare ;  
With a bumper before us, we'll sing in full chorus,  
The Choicest of Spirits we are, &c. &c.

## S O N G.

## The TRUE JOKE.

To the Tune of, *The Black Joke.*

**T**HAT life is a joke by the wise 'tis confess'd,  
Tho' not one in ten can tell where lies the jest ;  
The critical turn of a delicate joke.

We are got in a joke, in a joke we are born,  
From a joke we proceed, to a joke we return ;  
Tho' Cæsar best fought, and tho' Tully best spoke,  
Yet their wars, and their words, ended all in a joke.  
*In a——I'll not be rude, for I mean but a joke.*

## II.

The king, and the commoner, equal invoke,  
And equal fall subject, I'm sure, to a joke ;  
To the critical turn of a delicate joke.  
Alexander that conquer'd the devil, and all,  
Yet Thais convinc'd him at last he must fall ;  
And Socrates foremost in wisdom's deep school,  
Was proved by Xantippe to be but a fool.

*At a——I'll not be rude, I mean but a joke.*

## III.

The cardinal, abbot, and mendicant priest,  
Tho' they preach about fasting, yet fervently feast ;  
On the critical turn of a delicate joke.

They

They enter the pulpit, and kneeling prepare,  
To stoutly hold forth, splitting texts to a hair ;  
Their doctrines are good, but their deeds I'll not name,  
For clergy and laity all are the same.

*At a——I'll not be rude, for I mean but a joke.*

## IV.

What makes Tintoretta, each day at her toilet,  
Her complexion bemoan, least *cosmetics* shou'd spoil it ;  
But for fear they shou'd hinder the sale of her  
joke.

Curling locks, coral lips, cherry cheeks and black  
eyes,

'Prentice poets may praise, and lovers may prize ;  
But each female from fifteen to fifty will own,  
There still wants a beauty, those beauties to crown.

*And where is that beauty? Ay there lies the joke.*

## S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Sing Tantarara Masks all.*

**Y**E well chose Choice Spirits who blazon this  
throng,

Offended be not at this joke of a song ;

No party, profession, no sex I provoke,

No satyr I sing, for I sing but in joke.

*Sing tantarara Joke all.*

## II.

Let Stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,

Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science,

Let self-thinking wise ones on sapience call,

What's all that they know? why a joke's worth  
it all.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

## III.

That life's like a song, preach the fables of old ;

Poets make it a tale, by a poor ideot told ;

Gay calls it a jest, but 'tis proper each man,

Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that he can.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

IV.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,  
How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing ;  
With a frown, by love soften'd, she cries 'tis pro-  
voking,  
O dear Sir, be quiet ; yet she is but joking.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

V.

When the tithe taking priest would a bishoprick chuse,  
The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest he'll refuse ;  
He gravely cries, no ; but tho' gravely he spoke,  
When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a joke.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

VI.

When the Bait of Electors, in English a Bribe,  
Is offer'd, or thrust on the vote-selling tribe,  
They cry, O dear God ! Why my lord ! nay, I've  
swore !

Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas no more.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

VII.

Tho' the wife may admit in her dull husband's room,  
The white stocking footman, or stable-bred groom,  
She don't think that her vow at the altar is broke,  
For she meant by her marriage, no more than a joke.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

VIII.

We are all made a joke of, by one or another,  
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother.  
By ev'ry day's practice, our wits have confess'd,  
That they sooner would forfeit their friend, than  
their jest.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

IX.

The joke thus goes on from our cradle to coffin,  
The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing.  
The last joke I mention, I'm sure you'll attest,  
For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.

*Sing tantarara Joke all.*

S O N G.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Push about the brisk Bowl, &c.*

**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,

While thus we sit round on the——stay,  
What business have I an old song to impart,  
When I, Sirs, a new one can say, &c.

II.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do,  
What best will my bad voice become ;  
Why faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,  
That life, is alas, but a hum, &c.

III.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,  
At death the most wretched look glum ;  
In our entrance, and exit, we equally cry,  
Which proves our life plainly a hum, &c.

IV.

Acquaintance pretend, that your fortunes they'll mend,  
And vow to your service they'll come ;  
But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,  
Modern friendship is merely a hum, &c.

V.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,  
But let us be modest and mum,  
At the altar they bow, but it is only for shew,  
Religion with them is a hum, &c.

VI.

Law and physick, you see, will make sure of a fee ;  
What advice to you *gratis* will come ?  
Nay, the court proves it true, money only will do,  
For merit without it's a hum, &c.

VII.

With a circle beset, behold the coquet  
Fish for hearts by the bait of her bloom ;  
She melts in each look, as by each lover took,  
Yet her softness is only a hum, &c.

VIII.

In a hum let's keep off, 'till we've liquor enough,  
Our landlord from ent'ring the room ;  
In the joke to succeed, we'll declare to Jack Speed,  
That his reckoning we'll pay with a hum, &c.

IX.

We are hum'd from our birth, we are hum'd into  
earth,  
To an end of our jokes then we come ;  
Take a glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,  
And thus make the most of a hum, a hum,  
*And thus make the most of a hum.*

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Derry Down.*

ONE morning good humour brought wit as a guest,  
By friendship invited to share in the feast ;  
Their liquor was claret, and love was their host,  
And harmony garnish'd each double meant toast:  
*Derry down.*

II.

But while like true Bucks, they enjoy'd their design,  
For the joys of a Buck lie in love, wit, and wine ;  
Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,  
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past twelve  
o'clock. *Derry down.*

III.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
And up stairs they dragg'd, the impertinent bound ;  
*When*

When brought to the light, how much were they  
pleas'd,  
To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd,  
*Derry down.*

## IV.

His glass as a lanthorn, his scythe as a pole,  
And his single lock dangled a-down his smooth skull,  
My friends, (quoth he coughing) I thought fit to  
knock,  
And bid ye begone, for 'tis past twelve o'clock.  
*Derry down.*

## V.

Says the venom-tooth'd savage on this advice fix,  
Tho' nature strikes twelve, folly still points at six;  
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,  
So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.  
*Derry down.*

## VI.

This is right calls out wit while we're yet in our  
prime,  
There is nothing like claret for killing of Time;  
Huzza, reply'd love, now no more can he knock,  
Nor impertinent tell us 'tis past twelve o'clock.  
*Derry down.*

## VII.

Now Time is no more, or no more can forbid us,  
Love and wit of that troublesome guest has well rid  
us;  
Yet if Time shou'd be wanting for any design,  
Henceforth he is found in a hoghead of wine.  
*Derry down.*

## VIII.

Since Time is confin'd in our wine, let us think  
By this Rule, we are sure of Time when we drink;  
Come mylads, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,  
Now we're certain our drinking is always well  
Tim'd.  
*Derry down.*  
**S O N G.**



( xx )  
S O N G.

A FAVOURITE MEDLEY.

*No person ought to sing this Medley who is not acquainted with the several Songs of which each line here is a part.*

WHEN e'er I meet my Celia's eyes,  
Populous cities please me then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
And the busy hum of men.  
And the busy curious thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink and drive care away,  
Drink and be merry.  
For why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys ;  
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,  
Goes thorough the charming Dione, lovely fair,  
Sweetest of thy sex adieu.  
Thou joys to great Cæsar,  
Long life, love and pleasure ;  
Here's a health to the Duke, fill your glasses full,  
And let me wander not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green :  
There I laid her down, and I towzled her about,  
With my fal lal la fal lal lal lal la.  
And I began to say fair lady lay your robes aside,  
No longer must you glory in your locks are before ;  
And if you will have her, you must fly to her arms,  
And catch her by the heigh ho ! whose above,  
Nobody here, but I my love,  
Shall I come up and see how you do ?  
Ay ! marry who knocks at my chamber door,  
'Tis I all shiv'ring and shaking, poor ensign Beverly.  
Dear Molly for what should we stay,  
Till our blood begins to run  
Down the red lane, down the red lane,  
So merrily runs the fox down among the dead men.  
There let ambition fire thy mind,  
Thou wert born ye mortals that loves drinking,  
apply yourselves to me.

'Tis I,

'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I mad Tom, drives all before me,  
 While to my royal throne I come,  
 Bow down down down, bow down down down,  
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me,  
 Your sov'reign lord the King.  
 Long live our noble King, God save the King,  
 Send him victorious ;  
 Happy happy happy pair,  
 None but the brave, none but the brave,  
 Shall fight, fight and record,  
 The girls in our town,  
 The black, the yellow, the fair, the brown.  
 With an old woman cloathed in grey,  
 Whose daughter was charming and young,  
 And she was deluded away,  
 By old fir Simon the king,  
 And young fir Simon the 'squire.  
 With Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,  
 Each lad with his lasfs hither come,  
 With singng and dancing,  
 And pleasure advancing,  
 To celebrate harvest home.  
 For we're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,  
 And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,  
 Then fit you a while, and tippie a bit,  
 For we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet.

## S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Gayly yet.*

**A** LASS four lovers had,  
 And they had wit, fir,  
 At least they all thought so,  
 But all four were bit, fir ;  
 For each one expected the lady to get,  
 And thus they began to tune, *gayly yet,*  
*We're gayly yet, &c. &c.*

## II.

A spruce Attorney,  
 On circuit journey,  
 First saw her face, fir,  
 And put his case, fir;  
 He begg'd for a judgment, she cou'd not be granting,  
 For in execution she found he was wanting.  
 For cases of equity,  
 Are but stupidity,  
 Coke upon Littleton,  
 Merely a Simpleton;  
 Love's courts and law's courts, tho' in one agree,  
 That client succeeds who pays the best fee,  
*We're gayly yet, &c.*

## III.

The next man ready,  
 Was nick-nam'd Paddy,  
 He came from Connaught,  
 To cure the Bonniach;  
 The man of the law, he twirl'd round by the sleeve,  
 Clapp'd hand on his sword, and call'd out by your  
 leave,  
 Then down low, bowing,  
 His manners shewing,  
 He cry'd, my jewel,  
 Oh don't be cruel,  
 If you wou'd I wou'd die, there's no more to be said,  
 And sue you for damages when I am dead;  
 Then arrah, my Judy, Judy, arrah, my Judy he cry'd,  
 Oh, love poor Paddy, poor Paddy, and make poor  
 Paddy your bride, *We're gayly yet, &c.*

## IV.

A country clown, fir,  
 Just come to town, fir,  
 Was brought by his tutor,  
 To be her suitor;  
 He twirl'd his hat round, scratch'd his head, made a  
 bow,  
 Then grin'd like an ape, and cry'd, how do you now:  
 He

He talk'd of hops, and of wool, and corn crops,  
Of ghosts, witches, fairies, of milking and dairies,  
And as how, that as so he'd his house-keeper make  
her;

Nay, for better or worse, 'fore the the parson would  
take her. *We're gayly yet, &c.*

## V.

Then enter'd reeling,  
His bumper spilling,  
With wig and shirt rumped,  
His face all be pimpled;

Tom Toper, who swore, he came there to be merry,  
And the lass he wou'd pierce like a pipe of canary:

He strove to embrace her,  
But fell on his face, sir,  
She frightened, withdrew, sir,  
To Ramble she flew, sir;

From the Law, Paddy, Clown, and the Drunkard  
she slipt,

With Wit, and young Ramble to D—s tript.

*They're gayly yet, and they're gayly yet,  
And they'r not very fou,  
But they're gayly yet,*

*Then sit ye a while, and tippie a bit,  
For we're not very fou, but we're gayly yet.*

## S O N G.

To to the Tune of, *I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tofs'd.*

AS Doll beneath the hay-mow slept,  
While mid-day sun discharg'd his rays,  
Sly Dick observant softly crept,  
Resolv'd the nymph to seize.

He press'd her so tight, that she wak'd in a fright:  
I'm stifled.—why Richard, I won't be us'd ill.

I won't, O rot you don't,  
Pray tell me what's your will?

## II

I come, says Dick, to have some chat,  
 Then close to her's his lips he squeezed.  
 Says Doll, I guess what you'd be at,  
 But now I won't be teaz'd.  
 She rose up to be gone, and he tumbled her down,  
 She call'd out for help, and thus beg'd of the clown.  
 O Dick, don't, forbear,  
 Pray tell me what's your will ?

## III.

Upon the new made hay she fell ;  
 Too weak Dick's fury to repress.  
 What happen'd there I dare not tell,  
 But all are free to guess.  
 'Tis whisper'd she still kept crying out, don't,  
 I'll call out my mother, depend Dick upon't ;  
 I won't, you shan't, I can't,  
 Pray tell me what's your will ?

## IV.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,  
 The breezes quiv'ring thro' the grove,  
 The hay smelt sweet, green look'd the meads :  
 All nature sigh'd out love.  
 Dick offer'd to rise, but she languishing cries,  
 As panting she lay with her love-swimming eyes,  
 A moment Dick be still,  
 Since now you've had your will.

## V.

Lord, cries the girl, you hasty men,  
 Of love afford but one poor proof ;  
 Our fowls at home, each Sparrow hen  
 Is ten times better off.  
 Tho' you've had your will, yet there's mine to come  
 still.  
 Dick knew what she meant, and rose up at the hint,  
 Her wishes to fulfil.  
 He——let her have her will.

## S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The Miller of Mansfield.*

I'LL sing you a song, sirs, it is my intention,  
Most folks I shall sneer at, yet nobody mention ;  
Nobody, you'll cry out, lord, that must be stuff,  
No, in singing I'm nobody, that's the first proof.  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## II.

'Tis nobody, nobody sees the pranks play'd,  
When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid ;  
When she cries out, be quiet, somebody will hear us,  
He softly replies, child, there's nobody near us.  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## III.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,  
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded ;  
When examin'd, she cries out, O Jesu forbid it,  
If I am got with child, it was nobody did it.  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## IV.

When by stealth her gallant the wanton wife leaves,  
The footsteps are hard, and her spouse thinks it  
thieves ;  
He starts in a fright, calls out loudly, who's there,  
The wife pats his cheek, and cries, nobody dear.  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## V.

Nobody's a name, every body will own,  
When something they shou'd be ashamed of they've  
done ;  
'Tis a name that is fit for old maids and young beaux,  
For what are they born for ? Why nobody knows.  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## VI.



## VI.

But of nobody here, now enough has been sung,  
 If nobody's angry, then nobody's wrong ;  
 I hope for free speaking I shall not be blam'd,  
 Who can be offended when nobody's nam'd.

*Toll de roll, &c.*

## S O N G.

*A Description of a WINE VAULT.*

To the Tune of, *The Hounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,  
 For what can this world more afford ;  
 Then a girl that will sociable sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar as sociable stored.

*My brave boys, &c.*

## II.

My vault door is open, descend every guest,  
 Spoil that cask, ay, that cask we will try ;  
 'Tis as sweet, as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

*My brave boys, &c.*

## III.

In a piece of slit hoop, I my candle have stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;  
 The foot of my glass, for the purpose I broke,  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

*My brave boys, &c.*

## IV.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and yon bings are  
 well fill'd,

View that heap of old Hock in your rear ;  
 Those bottles of Burgundy, mark how they're pil'd,  
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

*My brave boys, &c.*

## V.

( xxvii )

V.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review ;  
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,  
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

*My brave boys, &c.*

VI.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,  
In defiance of Gravel or Gout ;  
He cried, when he had no more worlds to destroy,  
I'll weep, when my liquor is out.

*My brave boys, &c.*

VII.

While the lamp is brim full, see the flame brightly  
shines,  
But when moisture is wanting, decays ;  
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,  
Or else there's an end of the blaze.

*My brave boys, &c.*

VIII.

'Tis my will when I end, not a tear shall be shed,  
No hic Jacet be cut on my stone ;  
But pour on my coffin a bottle of Red,  
And say, that my Drinking is done.

*My brave boys, &c.*

A DIALOGUE between the POPE and the DEVIL,

On the GUN-POWDER PLOT.

To the Tune of, *The Twitcher*,

SOME twelve months ago,  
(An hundred or so)

The Pope went to visit the Devil,  
And if you'll attend,  
You'll find, to a friend,

Old Nick can behave very civil, brave boys,  
Old Nick can behave very civil.

II.

Oh! ho! quoth the seer,  
What a plague make you here?  
To be sure 'tis some wonderful maggot;  
Come, sit by the fire,  
Nay, prithee draw nigher,  
Here, devil, lay on t'other faggot, good boy,  
Here, devil lay on t'other faggot.

III.

You are welcome to Hell;  
I hope things are well  
At Paris, Madrid, and at Rome;  
And now you elope,  
I suppose, honest Pope,  
The conclave will hang out a broom, sad rogues,  
The conclave will hang out a broom.

IV.

Then his Holiness cry'd,  
All jesting aside;  
Give the Pope and the Devil their dues,  
For I tell thee, old lad,  
I shall make thy heart glad,  
I have brought thee most excellent news, old boy,  
I have brought thee most excellent news.

V.

There's a Plot to beguile,  
An obstinate isle,  
Call'd Britain, that heretick nation,  
Who so slyly behav'd,  
In hopes to be sav'd,  
By the means of a damn'd reformation, oh! strange,  
By the means of a damn'd reformation.

VI.

Shou'd we kill one by one,  
We shall never have done,  
Nor destroy the whole heretick race;  
For as soon as one's dead,  
Like the fam'd Hydra's head;  
Another springs up in his place, oh! strange!  
Another springs up in his place.

VII.

VII.

But I tell thee, old Nick,  
We will play 'em a trick,  
A trick that shall serve for the nounce ;  
For this day, before dinner,  
Or I am sinner ;  
We'll blow up the rascals at once, rare news,  
We'll blow the rascals at once.

VIII.

There's powder enough,  
And combustible stuff,  
In thirty and odd trusty barrels ;  
Shall blow all together,  
The Lord can tell whither,  
And this way at once end our quarrels, old boy,  
And this way at once end our quarrels.

IX.

When the Parliament meets  
And are trying their wits,  
In poring o'er musty old papers ;  
We'll give 'em a greeting,  
Will blow up their meeting,  
And try who can cut the best capers, old boy.  
And try who can cut the best capers.

X.

When the King and his son,  
And the Parliament's gone,  
And the people all left in the lurch ;  
Things shall take their old station,  
For you'll rule the nation,  
And I'll be the head of the Church, rare news,  
And I'll be the head of the Church.

XI.

As these words were said,  
There pops in the head,  
Of an old jesuitical wight,  
Says he, you're mistaken,  
They have all sav'd their bacon,  
But Jemmy still stinks of the fright, sad news.  
But Jemmy still stinks of the fright.

XII.

## XII.

Then Satan was struck,  
 And said, 'tis ill luck,  
 But you for your pains must be thanked ;  
 So he call'd to the door,  
 Six devils, or more,  
 And they tofs'd the poor Pope in a blanket, poor Pope,  
 And they tofs'd the poor Pope in a blanket,

## S O N G,

*Tune, And a bonny young lad was my Jockey.*

ONE evening when primroses painted the fields,  
 And the sun gently setting, the ruddy clouds gilds ;  
 When the warblers wing-pois'd, to the nest tuneful  
     stray'd,  
 Fond Celia reclin'd, on her elbow was laid.  
 And sigh'd for a——what ! shall I tell ye.

## II.

The violets their odours offer'd up to the fair,  
 The babbling brook tinkled, to please the nymph's  
     ear ;  
 But unnotic'd each flower, its perfumes diffus'd  
 Nor with birds, nor brook's music, was Celia amus'd,  
 She sigh'd for a——what ! shall I tell ye.

## III.

Bold Damon advancing, she blush'd at the guest,  
 He knelt, seiz'd her hand, and sunk down on her  
     breast ;  
 In plaintive sounds trembling, she murmur'd, forbear,  
 Oh, fie, my dear Damon, I'll cry out I swear.  
 Oh ! what are you doing——pray tell me.

## IV

With a kiss by love darted, he silenced each plaint,  
 As more fierce grew the shepherd, the nymph grew  
     more faint ;

'Till

'Till she only cou'd sob out, nay, what wou'd you,  
 Oh ! Damon, dear Damon, oh ! do not, do, do.  
 Oh ! what are you doing——pray tell me.

## V.

Then love's softest languish, swam thro' each fond  
 look,  
 And rapt'rous convulsions her quiv'ring limbs shook;  
 Words inward sunk, sigh'd stopp'd, as melting she lay,  
 And she strove, tho' 'twas feebly, as if she wou'd say,  
 Oh ! what are you doing——pray tell me.

## VI.

At length gazing speechless, words dy'd on her tongue,  
 Before her dimm'd sight the clouds danc'd swift  
 along;  
 Reviving, she turn'd, and on dear Damon she glanc'd,  
 And again, and again, and again was entranc'd.  
 With a what was it, sir, shall I tell ye.

*A favourite SONG in the REPRISAL.*

*Sung by Miss Macklin, as the Theatre Royal in  
 Drury-Lane.*

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I  
 disguise,  
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise;  
 And if he has sense to ballance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the Picture I draw:  
 And if he has sense, &c.

## II.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,  
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;  
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,  
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.  
 A peacock in pride, &c.

## III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,  
 A constant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks



**B**i a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog,  
mischievous an ape, and in fawning a dog.

As a tyger ferocious, &c.

IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather ;  
Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint, from the picture I draw.  
Yet if he has sense, &c.

S O N G.

To a New Tune.

**T**O the words that I sing fellow subjects attend,  
Believe them for Truth and the thoughts of a  
friend,

For while that we wisely and jointly agree,  
There's none are so happy since none are so free.  
Then let us unite and most chearfully join,  
To support a good king in a protestant line.

We'll ne'er be oblig'd after Friar's to dandle,  
Nor be damn'd when they please by their bell, book  
and candle,

But Britons repugnant to papal submission,  
Shall laugh at proud Rome, and her damn'd inquisition.  
Then let us unite, &c.

'Tis for George that we conquer, for George we  
subscribe,

And I'll warrant we scatter the vagabond tribe,  
While George does defend us we've nothing to fear,  
We'll drive them to Rome, we've no room for 'em  
here.

Then fill up your Glasses now time's on the wing,  
And let each loyal subject say, *God save the King.*

G O D S A V E T H E K I N G.

**G**OD save great George our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King ;

Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his Enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their Politicks,  
Frustrate their knavish Tricks,  
On him our Hopes we fix,  
God save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in store,  
On George be pleas'd to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our Laws,  
And ever give us Cause,  
To say with Heart and Voice,  
God save the King.

Oh! grant that Marshal Wade  
May, by thy mighty Aid,  
Victory bring;  
May he Sedition hush,  
And like a Torrent rush,  
Rebellious Scots to crush,  
God save the King.

Confound tall Jemmy's Plot,  
Pope, French, and Spanish Knot,  
Confound them all;  
Villains notorious,  
Their Fears inglorious,  
Never shall conquer us.  
Confound them all.

O Lord look down, and save  
Thy Servant George the brave,  
Our noble King;

Protect our Church and State,  
And make true Britons hate  
Priests with bald-headed Pates,  
Of the French King.

Oh ! now some People say,  
Young Charles is run away,  
Over to France ;

'Cause he was sore afraid,  
Of valiant Marshal Wade,  
For if that he had staid,  
He'd stood no Chance.

Since this good News we bring,  
Britons rejoice and sing

God save the King ;  
And the royal Family,  
O may they multiply,  
Sing till the Day we die,  
God save the King,

Let's drink a Health to them,  
Fill your Glafs to the Brim,

God save the King ;  
Heavens grant the Wars to cease,  
That Trading may encrease,  
Unite in Love and Peace,  
God save the King.

## S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Derry down.*

**W**ARM and wanton one night by her husband's  
dull side,

A wishing-wife sighing began thus to chide ;  
Dear Jack, it is hard that from me you shou'd stray,  
Be content here at home in the middling way.

*Derry down.*

## II.

What abroad can you find, Jack, you have not at  
home ?

John heard her, but sily resolv'd to be mum.  
She pull'd him, she pinch'd him, she call'd out,  
John, pray

Why my dear, do not sleep, for 'tis out of the way.

*Derry down.*

## III.

With a yawn Jack cries out, wife, what is it you  
I'll do all I can, if my all can content. (want ?

You're all my dear Jack ; why 'tis all I can say,  
And all that I want in a middling way.

*Derry down.*

IV.

To obey he began, but began in a hurry,  
And like poor Hans Carvel set ma'am in a fury ;  
Says she, I perceive you well mind what I say,  
Lord, Jack, pray hold still, for you're out of the way.

*Derry down.*

V.

I hate to be tantaliz'd, Jack, and you know it ;  
If you have any love for me, now my dear shew it.  
Jack obey'd her directions, 'till all she cou'd say,  
Was, right, you are right in the middling way.

*Derry down.*

VI.

I've sung you a song in a middling way,  
My singing's but middling, I'm sure you will say ;  
Yet so fond I'm of singing, my muse next intends  
To sing or say something of t'other two ends.

*Derry down.*

VII.

Which end is the best, and which most can prevail ?  
Why ships, birds and fishes, are steer'd by the tail ;  
And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,  
I'm sure there best pleas'd when they get t'other end.

*Derry down.*

VIII.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,  
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives ;  
The end of connection 'twixt mistress and male,  
Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

*Derry down.*

IX.

More ends I cou'd name, but these are the best,  
And no ends can I gain by recounting the rest ;  
Yet one end more I'll add, which you none can think  
wrong,

And that is to make here an end of my song.

*Derry down.*

( xxxvi )  
S O N G.

*Tune, On a Time I was great, now little am grown.*

**P**USH the bottle about, drink my toast, and away,  
Round the brim let the liquor be flowing,  
We are robbing of life while we drinking delay,  
So prithee, dear brothers, keep doing.  
Here's a health to that man, who for strength feareth  
Who values no mortal for riches alone, (none,  
Who ne'er treads on the weak, nor gives sorrow a  
He, he's a true son of the bottle. (frown,

II.

The science of drinking is better by half  
Then the Ethics of old Aristotle ;  
I look at all life, at all life I laugh,  
Except at the life of a bottle.  
Let scholiasts on scholiasts, deny and confound  
The motion of matter, the world's wheeling round ;  
But make them once drunk, and the secret is found,  
Such wonders are work'd by the bottle.

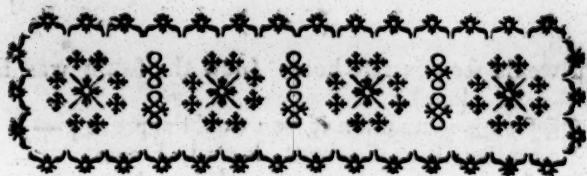
III

The sportsman arous'd, when the horn calls away,  
Thro' thickset, o'er quickset, will bound, sir ;  
His warm wishing wife, may in vain court his stay,  
Her request in loud hallowings is drown'd, sir :  
His sport is but dull to the sport that we boast,  
So ho, here's a bumper, hark, hark, to the toast ;  
Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be lost,  
And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

IV.

Should sickness, despair, and captivity join,  
I'll equal the ancients in thinking ;  
No cordial, no comfort, I ask for but wine,  
No freedom demand but for drinking :  
Stood death, like a drawer, to wait on me home,  
Or bailiff-like dare he to rush in the room,  
I'll try for one moment to tip him a hum,  
'Till I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

S O N G.



A SELECT  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SONGS.



SONG I. *The Country Wedding.*

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a  
jolly young swain,  
W To a beautiful shepherdes crossing  
the plain:  
Why so much in haste? (now the  
month it was May)  
Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?  
Then straight this question the nymph did reply,  
(With a smile in her look, and a leer in her eye)  
I am come from the village, and homeward I go;  
And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you  
know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,  
If I tell you the reason of asking of this;  
B I would



I would see you safe home (now the swain was in  
love)

Of such a companion if you would approve ; —  
Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,  
But I see no great danger in walking alone ;  
Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,  
For one as another ; for you, or for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,  
But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;  
And if you could like (now the swain he took  
heart)

Such a one as me, mistress ! we never would part.  
O that's a long word, said the shepherdess then,  
For I've often been told there's no minding you  
men ;

You'll say and unsay, you'll flatter, 'tis true,  
Then leave a poor maiden the next thing you do.

O judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd,  
For to prove what I say, I will make you my  
bride ;

To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)  
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us  
twain.

Now what the nymph answer'd, to us is not said ;  
But the very next morn to be sure they were wed.  
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,  
Oh ! when shall we see such a wedding in town.

## SONG II.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,  
From fair to fair I rov'd ;  
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,  
Tho' all alike I lov'd :  
Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,  
My truth appear'd a jest ;  
But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last,  
That constancy is best.

Like

Like other fools, at female wiles  
     'Twas my delight to rail ;  
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles ;  
     Were false, I thought, and frail ;  
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r  
     I see their worth confest ;  
 That man cannot enough adore ;  
     That constancy is best.  
 The roving heart at beauty's sight,  
     May glow with fierce desire ;  
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,  
     It damps the lawless fire ;  
 But love's celestial faithful flames,  
     Still catch from breast to breast ;  
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims,  
     That constancy is best.  
 No solid blifs from change results ;  
     No real raptures flow ;  
 But fixt to one the soul exults,  
     And tastes of heaven below.  
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,  
     Is truth's fair form impress ;  
 And reason dictates to mankind,  
     That constancy is best.

SONG III. *Written in Vaux-hall Gardens.*

CHASTE queen of night ! whose glist'ring ray  
     Now silvers o'er the scene ;  
 Whose presence bids the fairies play,  
     And trip the dappled green ;  
     Here in these shades, to joy consign'd,  
     Where pleasure opens all the mind,  
 While through the sprays thy glimm'ring glances  
     dart,  
 Here will I meditate, and give the muse my heart.  
 How pleas'd the sight the view to trace ! —  
     The smiles of nature rise,

Sweet as the cradled infant's face,  
 When sleep has clos'd its eyes :  
 How mild her beauties are display'd !  
 With here the light, and there the shade ;  
 While ev'ry look around, and look above,  
 Awakes th' expanding soul to gratitude and love.

The air what fragrant odours fill,  
 By zephyrs breath'd along !  
 While nightingales with gurgling trill,  
 Invite each other's song ;  
 And can I see, and feel, and hear,  
 And not th' all-forming pow'r revere ; —  
 Ah, soft pale conscience ! pure approach the  
 shrine ! —  
 Oh, youth and folly, why must ye so constant  
 join ?

And now the sprightly violin,  
 Each gloomy thought refines ;  
 The organ peals, the flutes begin,  
 And shriller hautboy joins :  
 My passions vary with the strain,  
 I melt, and glow, and melt again ;  
 And now the drum and trump my calm controul,  
 And all the native Briton blazes in my soul.

But hark ! what warblings strike my ear !  
 Where swells that tuneful throat ?  
 'Tis Vincent ! 'tis her voice I hear,  
 More sweet than wood-lark's note :  
 And hark ! poor Philomel, beguil'd,  
 Returns the music sweetly wild,  
 And gladly would by emulation strive,  
 To keep the soul-enchanting harmony alive.

Now Stephenson essays her skill,  
 Soft melody to raise ;  
 Sweet as the pipe that on the hill,  
 The artless shepherd plays ;

And

And now the notes mellifluous flow,  
 Breath'd by the full-ton'd voice of Lowe ;  
 Tho' clear, sonorous ; tho' harmonious, strong ;  
 The 'raptur'd bosom owns the magic of his song.

Secluded from the crowd apart,  
 Where studious here I stray,  
 Contentment hovers o'er my heart,  
 And flutters care away :  
 Beneath her life-infusing wing,  
 The tranquil warm ideas spring ;  
 While nature and the muse my sense elate,  
 And lift me far above this sublunary state.

But contemplation now must cease ;  
 Time calls to quit the scene ;  
 Adieu ye shades of joy and peace !  
 Adieu night's silver queen !  
 Now in the world again I range,  
 And thought's impos'd a poor exchange ;  
 While but this sage reflection's left behind :  
 That heav'n forms nought with pow'rs precarious as  
 the mind.

#### IV. *Fortune and the Lover. A CANTATA.*

##### *Recitative.*

**YOUNG** scornful Daphne Damon lov'd with  
 truth ;  
 She bright in charms, and he a comely youth ;  
 Ah, cruel nymph ! no soft concession ? — no !  
 'Tis mighty strange ! but women will do so.  
 Dame Fortune, pitying, led the love-sick swain,  
 In pensive mood, along the flow'ry plain ;  
 Then whisper'd, Cast thine eyes to yonder shade. —  
 He did ; and saw reclin'd the blooming maid ;  
 Urg'd by the goddess, boldly he advanc'd,  
 While in his breast his heart with rapture danc'd ;  
 Smil'd on the fair, sat down, and snatch'd a kiss,  
 Then sung, in prelude to expected bliss.

*Air.*

Too long has Daphne scorn'd a youth;  
 Whose gentle flame, and spotless truth,  
 Her bosom should approve;  
 But now her eyes, that cheer the day,  
 In beams of soft compliance play,  
 And love shall meet with love.

*Recitative.*

Perhaps, the fair dissembler made reply,  
 Perhaps my scorn was Damon's heart to try;  
 But, should our joys yon prying shepherds see,  
 How would they talk of you, and laugh at me!  
 For one day more suspend your ardent love;  
 At twelve to-morrow, in the myrtle grove  
 Attend; — be patient, secret, and be blest;  
 Remember twelve; — let fancy paint the rest.  
 Brib'd by her words, on honour's strict parole,  
 The swain dismiss'd the partner of his soul.  
 All tedious pass'd the live-long night away;  
 At length the lark proclaim'd the new-born day,  
 When Damon 'rose; and sought th' appointed  
     bow'r,  
 Invoking Sol to haste the noon-tide hour:  
 It came. — The clock struck one, two, three;  
     four; five;  
 No Daphne came; — yet Daphne was alive:  
 Despair and rage the shepherd's mind divide;  
 Oh, cruel Fortune! cheating nymph! he cry'd.  
 Just had he spoke, when near, though unconfess'd,  
 The injur'd goddess thus the fool address'd:

*Air.*

Fortune thou no more shalt see,  
 Hid in clouds, she speaks to thee!  
 Idle loiterer! silly swain!  
 Why of me dost thou complain?  
 Late! led thee where thy art  
 Might have won the fair-one's heart;  
 Cold, or kind, thou didst not win it; —  
 Fool, to miss the lucky minute.

Didst

Didst thou credulous believe,  
 Daphne meant not to deceive ?  
 Did thy heart not pant for bliss,  
 Animated by a kiss ?  
 Vain thy future suit shall prove ;  
 Woman should be press'd to love ;  
 And she thinks the duce is in it, —  
 If you miss the lucky minute.

## SONG V.

**Y**OUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid  
 The eyes of love could see ;  
 And but one fault the charmer had ;  
 'Twas cruelty to me.  
 No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd,  
 Was sonder, or was younger ;  
 Yet when her pity I implor'd,  
 'Twas " Stay a little longer."

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,  
 One may-morn in the grove ;  
 When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,  
 " Now, now's the time for love."  
 I clasp'd the maid, it wak'd her pride,  
 " What, did I mean to wrong her ?"  
 Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd,  
 But love will stay no longer.

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore,  
 How much I lov'd, how well ;  
 And that my heart, which beat for her,  
 With her should ever dwell.  
 Consent stood speaking in the eye,  
 Of all my care's prolonger ;  
 Yet soft she utter'd, with a sigh,  
 Oh, stay a little longer.

The conflict in her soul I saw,  
 'Twixt virtue and desire ;  
 Oh, come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law  
 Give sanction to love's fire,



Ye lovers, guess how great my joys ;  
 Could rapture well prove stronger ↓  
 When virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,  
 You now shall stay no longer.

## SONG VI

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,  
 All satyrise the Fair ;  
 In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime,  
 Their foibles they declare :  
 The kind are bold ; the chaste are cold ;  
 These prudish ; those too free ;  
 Ye curious men, come tell us then,  
 What should a woman be !

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,  
 Where optics are untrue ;  
 The muse shall here th' indicted clear,  
 And prove the crimes on you :  
 The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,  
 On whom his wish was plac'd ;  
 The fool deny'd, affects the pride,  
 And rails to be in taste.

But not like these, the men of bliss,  
 Their sure criterion fix ;  
 No ; wisdom cries, my sons arise,  
 And vindicate the sex !  
 'Tis theirs to prove those sweets of love,  
 Which others never share ;  
 And evidence, that none have sense,  
 But who adore the fair.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace,  
 Celestially imprest !  
 'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell  
 Within the human breast ;  
 At beauty's voice, our souls rejoice,  
 And rapture wakes to birth ;

And

And Jove design'd th' enchanting kind,  
To form a heaven on earth.

Oh, ev'ry art to win the heart,  
Ye dear inspirers try ;  
Each native charm, with fashion arm,  
And let love's light'nings fly ;  
And hence, ye grave, your counsel save,  
Which youth but sets at nought ;  
For woman still will have her will ;  
And so I think she ought.

## SONG VII.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,  
May morning put its beauties on ;  
The warblers sung in livelier strain,  
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain.  
When love, a soft intruding guest,  
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,  
Now whisper'd, To the nymph away !  
For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;  
The painted mead he instant pass'd ;  
And soon the happy cott he gain'd,  
Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd :  
Awake, my fair ! the shepherd cries,  
To new-born pleasure ope' thine eyes ;  
Arise, my Sylvia ! hail the May,  
For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,  
As Phæbus in meridian light ;  
Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,  
The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast ;  
Then gazing, with a speaking eye,  
He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh ;  
A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,  
Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah, soft, she said, for pity's sake,  
 What kiss one ere I'm well awake?  
 For this so early came you here?  
 And hail you thus the rising year?  
 Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,  
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;  
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,  
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek;  
 She look'd the things she dar'd not speak;  
 Content own'd nature's soft command,  
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand;  
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,  
 To church he led the blushing maid;  
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May,  
 And now their life's all holiday.

VIII. *For our Country. An ODE, Adapted to  
 Mr. Arne's Music, of Rule Britannia.*

AS liberty, from out the sky,  
     Held o'er our isle her scepter'd hand,  
 Griev'd was the goddess, breath'd a sigh,  
     And thus bespoke the sinking land:  
 Shame! inglorious race grow wise,  
 And Antigallicans arise,

In ancient time, your fires renown'd,  
     With honest heart, and surly face,  
 Fought well their battles, gain'd their ground,  
     And scorn'd the punie Gallic race:  
 Shame! inglorious sons grow wise,  
 And Antigallicans arise.

No fopp'ries then were ap'd from France;  
     Their language was as plain as dress:  
 Think on their honours, oh, advance!  
     And heaven shall your endeavours bless:  
 Hence victorious reign, and wise,  
 And Antigallicans arise.

Ye sacred few ! who boast the name,  
 Whose bosoms burn with patriot fire,  
 Hail friends of freedom ! dear to fame,  
 And grac'd with all that gods admire !  
 You're transcendent, great, and wise,  
 Who Antigallicans arise.

'Tis your's to bid fair Science smile,  
 To welcome commerce to our shore ;  
 Teach arts to flourish round the isle,  
 And Britain to itself restore :  
 You're transcendent, great and wise,  
 Who Antigallicans arise.

Again should curst rebellion glow,  
 Or bold invasion spread its wing,  
 Then arm'd, revengeful, on the foe,  
 To save their country and their king ;  
 All courageous, gen'rous, wise !  
 The Antigallicans shall rise.

And when this globe shall melt away,  
 The temples sink, the columns fall,  
 Then shall, distinguish'd as the day,  
 The beams of glory crown them all ;  
 And imperial in the skies,  
 The Antigallicans shall rise.

SONG II. *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation.*

BALOW, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieve me sore to hear the weep ;  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad,  
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear the weep*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;

But

But smile not as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids, nay God forbid;  
 For in thine eye, his look I see,  
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

When he began to court my love,  
 And with his sugar'd words to move,  
 His tempting face and flatt'ring chear,  
 In time to me did not appear;  
 But now I see that cruel he,  
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Farewel, farewel, thou falsest youth,  
 That ever kist a woman's mouth,  
 Let never any after me,  
 Submit unto thy courtesy:  
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou  
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
 To yield thee all a maiden durst.  
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,  
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were a maid again,  
 From young men's flattery I'd refrain,  
 For now unto my grief I find  
 They all are perjur'd and unkind:  
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
 That I must needs be now a nurse,  
 And lull my young son on my lap,  
 From me sweet orphan take the pap.

*Balow,*

Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,  
Nor pity her deserved smart,  
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;  
For, too soon trusting, latest finds,  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son has play'd,  
Of vows and oaths, forgetful he  
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.  
But now perhaps thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :  
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell  
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
And laid the dear deceiver low.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were into the bounds,  
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make  
My smock once for his Body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me ! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein,

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

*Balow,*



Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;  
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :  
 Thy griefs are growing to a tum,  
 God grant thee patience when they come ;  
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

SONG X. *Humphrey Gubbins's Courtship.*

A Courting I went to my love,  
 Who is sweeter than roses in May,  
 And when I came to her, by Jove,  
 The devil a word I could say.  
 I walk'd with her into the garden,  
 There fully intending to woo her ;  
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,  
 If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,  
 While my heart was as light as a feather,  
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,  
 But, Madam, 'tis very fine weather.  
 Unto an arbor I did her attend,  
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her ;  
 I crept to the furthest end,  
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind ;  
 For I thought in some talk we must enter.  
 Why, Sir, she answer'd and grinn'd,  
 Have you just sent you wits for a venture ?  
 Then into the parlour she goes,  
 Where I vow'd I my passion would try ;  
 But there was as still as a mouse,  
 Oh ! what a dull booby was I.

SONG XI. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

**I**F love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?  
 If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content ?  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain ?  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known ;  
 But oh ! how I'm blest, when so kind she does  
 prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her love ;  
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare  
 name.

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the  
 charms ?  
 How delightful embraces, how peaceful her arms ?  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must  
 yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair  
 field.

SONG XII. *Charming Sally.*

**SURE** Sally is the loveliest lass  
 That e'er gave shepherds glee ;  
 Not May-day with its morning dress,  
 Is half so sweet as she.  
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen  
 And fancy'd forms adore ;  
 Ye bards had you my Sally seen,  
 You'd think of those no more.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;  
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :  
 Thy griefs are growing to a tum,  
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Let poets paint the Paphian queen  
 And fancy'd forms adore ;  
 Ye bards had you my Sally seen,  
 You'd think of those no more.

No more you'd prate of Hybla's hill,  
 Where bees their honey sip  
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell,  
 On Sally's love-taught lip.

But, oh ! take heed ye tuneful swains,  
 The ripe temptations shun ;  
 Or else like me you'd wear her chain,  
 Like me you'd be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,  
 Then, lark-like, hail'd the dawn ;  
 More sportive than the kids I kept,  
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn.

To ev'ry maid love tales I told,  
 And did my truth aver ;  
 Yet e're the parting kiss was cold,  
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,  
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;  
 But to the winds my grief I speak,  
 Sighing my soul away.

Nought but despair my fancy paints,  
 No dawn of hope I see,  
 For Sally's pleas'd at my complaints,  
 And laughs at love and me.

Since this my poor neglected lambs,  
 So late my only care,  
 Have left their fondling, fleecy dams,  
 And stray'd I know not where.

Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat ;  
 My lambkins lost, adieu ;  
 No more we on the plain shall meet,  
 For lost's your shepherd too.

## SONG XIII.

**W**AS Nancy but a rural maid,  
 And I her only swain,  
 To tend our flocks in verdant mead,  
 And on the verdant plain ;  
 Oh how I'd pipe upon my reed,  
 To please the lovely maid ;  
 Whilst from all sense of care w'are freed,  
 Beneath an oaken shade.  
 When lambkins under hedges bleat,  
 And rain seems in the sky,  
 When to our oaken safe retreat,  
 We'd both together hie ;  
 There I'd repeat my vows of love  
 Unto the charming fair:  
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart should prove,  
 Her love, like mine sincere.  
 Where Phœbus bright sinks in the west,  
 And flocks are pent in fold,  
 Beneath our oaken tree we'd rest,  
 In joys not to be told.  
 Than when Aurora's beams set free  
 The next enliv'ning day,  
 We'd turn our flocks at liberty,  
 Then down we'd sit and play.

XIV. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* A CANTATA.*Recitative.*

**N**EAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring  
 shade  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made ;  
 A chrystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,  
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose ;  
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus's sultry ray,  
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to the neighbouring grove ;  
 He



He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went for want of thought ;  
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He star'd ; her lovely form survey'd,  
 And while with artless voice he sung,  
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

*Air.*

The stream that glides in murmurs by,  
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,  
 Completes the rural scene ;  
 Completes the rural scene ;  
 But in thy bosom charming maid,  
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd ;  
 Too lovely Iphigene,  
 Too lovely Iphigene.

*Recitative.*

She wakes, and starts ; poor Cymon trembling  
 stands,

Down falls the staff from his unnerved Hands.  
 Bright excellence, said he, dispell all fear,  
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.  
 Half rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,  
 O Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;  
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain,  
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again :  
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,  
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song.

*Air.*

Thy jetted locks, that careless break,  
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;  
 Thy love-inspiring mien,  
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape inchant me so,  
 I die for Iphigene,  
 I die for Iphigene.

*Recitative.*

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence,  
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;

She

She gazes, finds him comely, tall, and strait,  
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gate ;  
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend :  
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,  
 And nature's language sweetest will succeed.

*Air.*

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;  
 Love, e'en rage itself controul,  
 And elevate, and elevate, the human soul ;  
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,  
 Had made our lives of too long date,  
 But blest with beauty, and with love,  
 We taste what angels do above,  
 What angels do above.

SONG XV. *Smile Britannia.*

SMILE, smile Britannia, smile,  
 Thy genius comes again,  
 To guard thy fruitful isle,  
 And thunder o'er the main ;  
 Thy gallic sons disdain the ease,  
 Now crown thee mistress of the seas,  
*Now crown thee mistress of the seas,*  
 While dauntless they advance,  
 And bid the cannons roar ;  
 They'll scourge the pride of France,  
 And shake th' imperial throne :  
 Deriding triumph o'er the waves,  
 With courage never known to slaves,  
*With courage, &c.*  
 The decks all stain'd with blood,  
 The bullets wing'd with fate ;  
 The wide and restless flood,  
 Cannot their rage abate :  
 In Anson and in Warren wake,  
 The souls of Ruffel and of Blake,  
*The souls, &c.*

Britons,

Britons, pursue the blow,  
 Like sons of freedom fight ;  
 Convince the haughty foe,  
 That you'll maintain your right :  
 Defiance bid to France and Spain,  
 Assert your empire o'er the main,  
*Assert your empire o'er the main.*

SONG XVI. *The Nun.*

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,  
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been,  
*Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;*  
 But I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,  
 But my mother oft tells me she'd have me a nun,  
*But my mother oft tells me she'd have me a nun.*

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,  
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast and to cry ?  
 With ways so devout I'm not like to be won ;  
 And my heart it loves frolick too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
 Is a thousand times better to me I declare.  
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;  
 Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a  
 nun.

Nor to love, or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,  
 Nor yield to be sent to — I cannot tell where :  
 To live or to die, in this case were all one,  
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps but to teaze me she threatens me so, —  
 I am sure, was she me, she would stoutly say, No :  
*I am sure, &c.*

But if she's in earnest I from her will run,  
 And be married in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.  
*And be marry'd, &c.*

XVII. *A Love-Song, in Low-Life.*

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,  
 Brick-dust Nan was set scratching her head,  
 Her matted locks frizled her skull,  
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread :  
 The wind tost her tatters abroad,  
 Her ashen-brown beauties reveal'd ;  
 A link-boy to her through the mud ;  
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.

O my love, though I cannot well jaw,  
 (This pliar at play-house began)  
 Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,  
 As to kifs is the lips of my Nan.  
 O my love, cries the mud-coloured she,  
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,  
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,  
 Tho' bit by each blood-sucking bug.

Full as black as themselves now the sky,  
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;  
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,  
 To a stable they hastily scour'd,  
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,  
 Undaunted they took their repose,  
 All the night in the litter they snor'd,  
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

SONG XVIII. *Dumbarton's Drums.*

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny—O,  
 When they mind me of my Jonny—O ;  
 How happy am I,  
 When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !  
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O ;  
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O :  
 While guarded in his arms,  
 I'll fear no wars alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My

My love is a handsome laddie—O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O !  
 Tho' commissions are dear,  
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.  
 A soldier has honour and bravery—O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O !  
 He minds no other thing,  
 But the ladies or the king ;  
 For ev'ry other care is but slavery—O.  
  
 Then I'll be the captain's lady—O,  
 Farewel all my friends and my daddy—O ;  
 I'll wait no more at home,  
 But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny—O !  
 How happy shall I be,  
 When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !

SONG XIX. *Rosy Bowers.*

**F**ROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,  
 Hither, ye little wanton Cupids, fly ;  
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move  
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy :  
 Ah ! let the soul of music tune my voice,  
 To win dear Strephon, whom my soul enjoys.  
  
 Or if more influencing  
 Is, to be brisk and airy,  
 With a step and a bound,  
 And a frisk from the ground,  
 I'll trip like any fairy :  
 As once on *Ida* dancing,  
 Were three celestial bodies,  
 With an air and a face,  
 And a shape and a grace,  
 Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah !

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;  
 Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,  
 Falls on my breast ; bleak winds in tempests blow :  
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;  
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is  
 froze.

Or say ye powers, my peace to crown,  
 Shall I thaw myself, or drown  
 Amongst the foaming billows,  
 Increasing all with tears I shed ;  
 On beds of Ooze and chrystal pillows  
 Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll strait run mad,  
 That soon my heart will warm ;  
 When once the sense is fled,  
 Love has no power to charm :  
 Wild through the woods I'll fly,  
 My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;  
 A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,  
 E'er thus in vain ! e'er thus in vain adore.

# SONG XX.

Amongst the pure ones all,  
 Who conscience do profess ;  
 And in that sort of conscience  
 Do practice nothing less :  
 I mean the sect of those elect,  
 That loath to live by merit,  
 That lead their lives with other mens wives,  
 According unto the spirit.

One met with a holy sister of ours,  
 A faint who dearly lov'd him,  
 And fain he would have kiss'd her,  
 Because the spirit mov'd him :

But



But she deny'd, and he reply'd,  
 You're damn'd unless you do it;  
 Therefore consent, do not repent,  
 For the spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend,  
 Yeilded unto his motion;  
 And what these two did intend  
 Was out of pure devotion:  
 To lie with a friend and a brother,  
 She thought she should die no sinner;  
 But e'er five months were past and gone,  
 The spirit was quick within her.

But what will the wicked say,  
 When they shall hear this rumour?  
 They'll laugh at us ev'ry day,  
 And scoff us in ev'ry corner:  
 Let them do so still, if that they will,  
 We mean not to follow their fashion;  
 They're none of our sect, nor of the elect,  
 Nor none of our congregation.

But when the time was come,  
 That she was to be laid,  
 It was no very great crime,  
 Committed by her they said;  
 'Cause they did know, and she did shew,  
 'Twas done by a friend and a brother;  
 But a very great sin, they said, it had been,  
 If it had been done by another.

SONG XXI. *Nonsensical Folks.*

A Trifling song you shall hear,  
 Begun with a trifle, and ended;  
 All trifling people draw near,  
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,  
 That lately have come into play,

The

The men would want something to do,  
And the women something to say,

What makes men trifle in dressing ?  
Because the ladies, they know,  
Admire, by often possessing,  
That eminent trifle a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,  
The trifle of trifles to gain,  
No sooner the virgin is rifled,  
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able,  
At White's half an hour to sit ?  
Or who could bear a tea-table,  
Without taking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,  
Gold keys are no trifles, we see ;  
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,  
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,  
Where trifles abundantly breed,  
The levee will shew you his grace  
Makes promises, trifles indeed.

A coach with six footmen behind,  
I count neither trifle nor sin ;  
But, ye gods ! how oft do we find,  
A scandalous trifle within.

A flask of Champagne, People think it  
A trifle, or something as bad ;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,  
A widow's a trifle in sorrow :  
A peace is a trifle to-day,  
Who knows what may happen to-morrow ?

A black

A black coat a trifle may cloak,  
 Or to hide it a red may endeavour ;  
 But if once the army is broke,  
 We shall have more trifles than ever.  
 The stage is a trifle they say,  
 The reason pray carry along,  
 Because that at ev'ry new play,  
 The house they with trifles do throng.  
 But with peoples malice to trifle,  
 And to set us all on a foot,  
 The author of this is a trifle,  
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

## SONG XXII.

Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,  
 Margaret and Thomas, Jockey and Mary,  
 Kate o'the Kitchen, and Kit of the mill,  
 Dick the plowman, and Joan of the Dairy,  
 To solace their lives, and to sweeten their labour,  
 All met on a time with a pipe and a tabor.  
 Andrew was cloathed in shepherd's grey,  
 And Will had put on his holiday jacket ;  
 Beck had a coat of popin-jay,  
 And Madge had a ribbon hung down her placket ;  
 Meg and Moll in frize, Tom and Jockey in leather,  
 And so they began all to foot it together.  
 Their heads and their arms about them they flung,  
 With all the might and force they had ;  
 Their legs went like flails, and as loosely hung :  
 They cudgel'd their arses as if they were mad :  
 Their faces did shine and their fires did kindle ;  
 While the maids they did trip, and turn like a  
 spindle.  
 Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the chin,  
 Simper she did like a furmety-kettle ;  
 The twang of whose blubber lips made such a din,  
 As if her chaps had been made of bell-metal :  
 Kate

Kate laugh'd heartily at the same smack,  
And loud she did answer with a bum-crack.

At no Whitson-ale there e'er yet had been  
Such fraysters and friskers as these lads and lasses;  
From their faces the sweat ran down to be seen,  
But sure I am much more came from their arses;  
For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,  
You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist;  
Here a hot breath, and there went a favour;  
Here they did glance, and there they did gloist;  
Here they did simper, and there they did slaver;  
Here was a hand, and there was a placket,  
Whilst, hey! their sleeves went flicket a flacket.

The dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk.  
The maidens did smirk it; the youngsters they  
kist 'em;  
Cakes and ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and  
drunk,  
They laugh'd and they giggled until they bepiss'd  
'em;  
They laid the gits down, and gave each a green  
mantle,  
While their breasts and their bellies went pintle a  
pantle.

### SONG XXIII.

A Taylor, good lord, in the time of vacation,  
When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket  
was low,  
For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion,  
To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row;  
Now a louse made him itch;  
Here a scratch, there a fitch,  
And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.  
One day she came up, when at work in his garret,  
To tell what he ow'd that his score he might  
know. Says

Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;

Says she, then I hope you will pay e'er I go ?

*Now a louse, &c.*

Says Prick-Louse, my jewel, I love you most dearly,

My breast ev'ry minute still hotter does glow.

Ah, only says she, for the juice of my barley,

And other good drink in my cellar below.

*Now a louse, &c.*

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's  
better,

Which I dare not name, and you care not to show,

Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,

What is it you mean, and pray where does it  
grow !

*Now a louse, &c.*

Says he, 'tis a thing that has never a handle,

'Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low.

Said she, then I fear that you must have a candle,

Or else the wrong way you may happen to go.

*Now a louse, &c.*

Says he, was it darker than ever was charcoal,

Though I never was there, yet the way do I  
know ;

Says she, if it be such a terrible dark hole,

Don't offer to grope out your way to it so.

*Now a louse, &c.*

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,

For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go ;

Says she do not trouble me so, for I hate it,

I vow by-and-by you will make me cry, oh !

So they both went to work,

Now a kiss, then a jirk,

And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

The taylor arose when the business was over,

Says he you will rub out the score e'er you go.

Says

Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a lover,  
 I'm not such a fool I'd have you to know.  
 Now a louse made him itch,  
 Here a scratch, there a stitch,  
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

## SONG XXIV.

**B**Efore the urching well could go,  
 She stole the whiteness of the snow,  
 And more that whiteness to adorn,  
 She stole the blushes of the morn :  
 Stole all the sweetness Æther sheds,  
 On primrose buds, and violet beds,  
*On primrose, &c.*

Still to reveal her artful wiles,  
 She stole the graces filken smiles ;  
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath,  
 And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth ;  
 The cherry dipp'd in morning dew,  
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.  
*Gave moisture, &c.*

These were her infant spoils, a store,  
 And she in time still pilfer'd more ;  
 At twelve, she stole from Cyprus queen  
 Her air, and love-commanding mien ;  
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole  
 From Pallas, sense, to charm the soul,  
*From Pallas, &c.*

Apollo's wit was next her prey,  
 Her next the beam that lights the day,  
 She sung amaz'd, the Syrens heard,  
 And to assert their voice appear'd ;  
 She play'd, the muses from their hill,  
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill,  
*Wonder'd, &c.*

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,  
 And f'other day she stole my heart ;



If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,  
Exert your vengeance on this fair;  
To trial bring her stolen charms,  
And let her prison be my arms,  
*And let, &c.*

## SONG XXV.

COME all ye young lovers, who wan with despair,  
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,  
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,  
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms;  
Be wise by example, take pattern from me,  
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,  
By Jove I'll be free,  
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne, she saw in the net I was caught,  
I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as custom had taught;  
I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon;  
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon,  
She vow'd she was ruin'd; I said it might be:  
I'm sorry my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the  
morn;  
The love that I proffer'd, she treated with scorn.  
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,  
That none can be handsome, but such as are kind;  
Her pride and ill-nature was lost upon me;  
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,  
Calm peace I delight in, and free from all noise;  
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,  
Like birds they sing best, when put in a cage,  
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,  
Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free,  
&c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,  
In a toast to the young and beautiful lass,  
Whose

Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,  
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool,  
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,  
 For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be  
 free, &c.

## SONG XXVI.

COME ever-smiling liberty,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train,  
 Come ever, &c.  
 Come ever-smiling, smiling liberty,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train;  
 And with thee bring thy jocund, jocund, jocund  
 train,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train,  
 Thy jocund train,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train:  
 For thee we pant and sigh,  
 For thee we pant, &c.  
 With whom eternal pleasures reign;  
 For thee we pant and sigh,  
 For thee, &c.  
 With whom eternal pleasures reign.  
 Come ever-smiling liberty,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train,  
 Come ever-smiling liberty,  
 Come ever-smiling liberty,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train,  
 Thy jocund train,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund train,

## SONG XXVII.

Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their nest;  
 And all the young fry of their cribs were pos-  
 sest,  
 Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss, in the ashes were laid,  
 And a blinking rush candle just over their head.

Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,  
 Preparing to make her good friend, the hog fatter ;  
 Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,  
 'Till her embroider'd cloaths were ready to fry.

Roger the plowman i' th' chimney lay snoring,  
 'Till Cupid, fore vex'd at his clownish adoring,  
 Did straightway convey to the great logger-head,  
 The whisp'ring news that they all were a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,  
 Straight to his dear Ursla in passion he hies ;  
 Then leaning his elbow on Ursla's broad back,  
 Complain'd that his heart was ready to crack.

Ursla, being vex'd at the weight of her love,  
 Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treach'rous prove ?  
 In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,  
 And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the lout.

Roger being angry at such an affront,  
 And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
 He gave her a kick, with such wond'rous mettle,  
 As tumbled poor Ursla quite over the kettle.

This noise and rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
 And fearing, lest thieves had been stealing his bacon,  
 With a pur down the stairs, in a trice he came stum-  
 bling,

Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursla lay  
 tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore ;  
 So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door,  
 Not minding the rain, nor the cold windy weather  
 To finish their loves in a hog-sye together.

#### SONG XXVIII.

**H**OW gentle was my Damon's air,  
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,  
 His Voice was like the Nightingale's  
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales ;

How

How hard such beauties to resign,  
And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
Along the margin of each stream,  
Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.  
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
But Damon there I seek in vain,  
*The hills, &c.*

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,  
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,  
Each flower in pity droops its head,  
All nature does my loss deplore,  
All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
Yet Damon still I seek in vain,  
*All, all, &c.*

### SONG XXIX.

**H**AIL to the myrtle shade,  
All hail to the nymph of the field;  
Kings will not here invade,  
Tho' virtue all freedom yield.  
Beauty here opens her arms,  
To soften the languishing mind,  
And Phillis unlocks her charms:  
Ah Phillis! ah! why so kind?

Phillis, the soul of love,  
The joy of neighbouring swains:  
Phillis that crowns the grove,  
And Phillis that gilds the plains:  
Phillis that ne'er had the skill  
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;  
Yet Phillis, whose eyes can kill,  
Whom nature has made divine.

Phillis, whose charming tongue  
Makes labour and pain a delight;

Phillis

Phillis that makes the day young,  
 And shortens the live-long night :  
 Phillis, whose lips, like May,  
 Still laugh at the sweets they bring  
 Where love never knew decay,  
 But sets with eternal spring.

## SONG XXX.

**H**AIL Masonry, thou craft divine!  
 Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd ;  
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,  
 From all but masons eyes conceal'd.

*Chor.* Thy praises due who can rehearse,  
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse.

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,  
 A mason other men excels ;  
 For what in knowledge nice and rare,  
 But in his breast securely dwells ?

*Chor.* His silent breast, and faithful heart,  
 Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat, and piercing cold,  
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends :  
 From the assaults of warriors bold,  
 The masons art mankind defends.

*Chor.* Be to this art due honour paid,  
 From which mankind receive such aid.

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,  
 Distinctions troublesome and vain !

By masons true are laid aside,  
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

*Chor.* Enobled by the name they bear,  
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,  
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,  
 The lodge's lasting cement be,  
 Which has for ages firmly stood.

*Chor.*

*Chor.* A lodge thus built, for ages past,  
Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done  
To those who have enrich'd the art,  
From Jabel down to Burlington,  
And let each brother bear a part.

*Chor.* Let noble masons healths go round,  
Their praise in lodge resound.

### SONG XXXI.

**H**Ark ! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn ;  
Calls the hunters all up in the morn ;  
To the hills and the wood-lands they steer,  
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

#### CHORUS of Huntsmen.

And all the day long  
This, this is our song ;  
Still hollowing,  
And following,  
So frolic and free ;  
Our joys know no bounds,  
While we're after the hounds,  
No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,  
While the hills they all echo Hillo !  
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,  
Then our shouts they resound to the skies ;  
*And all the day, &c.*

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb  
Up the health-breaking mountain sublime,  
What a joy from our labours we feel,  
Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
*And all the day, &c.*



## SONG XXXII.

**H**Ark, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn,  
 A call so musical chides the drone.  
 Ton, ton, ton; ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,  
 ton.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn,  
 The woods re-echo the sprightly tone,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

The loud-tongu'd cries the concert fill,  
 Our steeds with neighing salute the dawn,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

We mount, and now we climb the hill,  
 Then swift descending we sweep the lawn,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

The distant stag our accent hears,  
 Our accent's fatal to him alone,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

He rousing starts, and wing'd with fears,  
 Forsakes the thicket to seek the down,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

Altho' Diana claims the field,  
 The woods and forests tho' all her own,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

The groves to Venus let her yield,  
 Where we may follow her sportive son,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

What joy to trace the blooming lass,  
 Tho' darksome grotto's with moss o'er-grown,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

What harmony can our's surpass,  
 When joining Chorus with dove-like moan.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

In various sports the day thus spent,  
 Fatigu'd with pleasures when night comes on,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts content,  
 With wine regaling, all cares we drown.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

SONG XXXIII. *O the Broom, &c.*

HOW blythe was I each morn to see,  
 My swain come o'er the hill;  
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me :  
 I met him with good will.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 When his flocks near me lay ;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And chear'd me all the day.

He tun'd his pipe, and play'd so sweet,  
 The birds sat list'ning by ;  
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
 Between our Flocks and play ;  
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,  
 Could I but grateful be ;  
 He won my heart, could I refuse,  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,  
 Go heavily and mourn,  
 'Cause I oblig'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.

## SONG XXXIV.

HE that a cuckold is, let it not grieve him,  
 For in his wants there is one to relieve him,  
 He may sleep quietly while his wife's waking,  
 And may be free from care, void of pains-taking,  
 And his condition is not to be scorned,  
 Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned,  
 And his condition is not to be scorned,  
 Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned  
 The captain upon the sea prays for fair weather,  
 Whilst his wife and the mast sail both together,

Star-gazing on her back at the moon's motion,  
Whilst the poor cuckold is at his devotion.

*Yet his condition, &c.*

The merchant beyond the seas searching for treasure,

And tho' his merchandize be out of measure,  
Yet if he kiss a girl while he is ranging,  
His wife repays him a bill of exchanging.

*Yet his condition, &c.*

The greatest lawyer that ever was lent us,  
Often returns his wife *Non est inventus*,  
And if he ever so wise in his place is,  
She will still find that a flaw in his case is.

*Yet his condition, &c.*

The greatest statesman that e'er was applauded,  
Needs not to laugh at a citizen horned,  
For if 'tis true, as in antient relations,  
The city dames do obey the court fashions.

*Yet their condition, &c.*

While the poor parson with zeal is expounding,  
Telling the people their sins are abounding,  
Many a lusty lad pay their tithes to his wife,  
While he's preaching amendment to their lives.

*Yet his condition, &c.*

You that are cuckolds, let this be your comfort,  
There are few others between this and Rumford,  
Brethren all in a row shake hands together,  
Never disdain for to wear the bull's feather.

*For your conditions, &c.*

### SONG XXXV.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment ?  
If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content ?

Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or repeat ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain ?

Yet

Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,  
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,  
By jolly complexion I make my joy known.  
But oh ! how I'm blest ! when so strong it does  
prove,

By its sovereign heat to expel that of love !  
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,  
And am wrapt in such pleasures that still want a  
name.

## SONG XXXVI.

IN my triumphant chariot hurl'd,  
I range around the world ;  
'Tis I, mad Tom drive all before me,  
While to my royal throne I come ;  
Bow down, my slaves, and adore me,  
Your sov'reign lord, mad Tom.  
What ! though the sceptre that I bear,  
Is all but dream and air ?

I've the pleasure of crowns,  
Without the care.

And though I give law,  
From beds of straw,  
And drefs'd in tatter'd robes ;  
A madman can be,  
More a monarch than he  
That commands the vassal globe.

## SONG XXXVII.

LIFE is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,  
Fill up all the various measure.  
See the crew in flannel jerkins,  
Drinking, toping flip by firkins ;  
And as they raise the flip  
Up to their happy lip,  
On the deck is heard no other sound,

But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,  
 Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,  
 Let the cann go round.

## C H O R U S.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,  
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle,  
     Bustle, bustle ; bustle, my boy,  
     Let us stir, let us toil,  
 But let's drink all the while,  
 For labour's the price of our joys,  
 For labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,  
 Fill up all the various measure.  
 Hark the crew with sun-burnt faces  
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces ;  
     And as they raise their notes  
     Through their rusty throats,  
 On the deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure,  
 Fill up all the various measure.  
 Hark the crew their cares discarding,  
 With hussle-cap, or with chuck-farthing ;  
     Still in a merry pin,  
     Let them lose or win,  
 On the deck, &c. *With the Chorus as before.*

S O N G   XXXVIII.   *Pretty Peggy.*

O N C E more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
     To hills and dales my passion tell,  
 A flame which time can never quell,  
     That burns for thee my Peggy :  
 Yet brighter bards the lyre should hit,  
 Or say what subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling wit,  
     And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,

Does

Does not so much the day adorn,  
 As does my lovely Peggy;  
 And when in Thetis lap to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west;  
 She's not so beauteous, as undrest  
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrus on the vi'let blows,  
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,  
 He does not half the sweets disclose,  
 As does my lovely Peggy;  
 I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,  
 The fragrance of the blooming May  
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,  
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,  
 To please my lovely Peggy;  
 With her a cottage would delight,  
 All's happy when she's in my sight;  
 But when she's gone, it's endless night,  
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,  
 And linnets warble through the grove;  
 Or stately swans the water love,  
 So long shall I love Peggy:  
 And when death with his pointed dart,  
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
 My words shall be when I depart,  
 Adieu my lovely Peggy.

## SONG XXXIX.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,  
 That what you touch you turn to gold;  
 O had I but a pow'r like thine,  
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine,  
*I'd turn, &c.*



Each purling stream should feel my force ;

Each fish my fatal power mourn ;

*Each fish, &c.*

And wond'ring at the mighty change,

*And wond'ring, &c.*

Should in their native regions burn.

*Should in, &c.*

Nor should there any dare t'approach

Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,

*Unto my, &c.*

But first should pay their votes to me,

*But first, &c.*

And stile me only god of wine,

*And stile, &c.*

SONG XL. *Sciciatta dal suo nido in Rodelinda.*

Col. O My little Punchinello,  
My little dapper fellow,  
Have you heard that Farinello  
Is coming over ?

Punch. O no——my Columbino,  
I hear that Caristino,  
The famous Caristino,  
Who has pleas'd both king and queen-o,  
Sets out for Dover.

Col. But I hope my Senesino  
Is no such rover ?

Punch. O no, your Senesino  
Has lick'd himself quite clean-o,  
Has, of thousands, made fifteen-o,  
And lives in clover.

Col. After Porpora or Handel,  
Where d'ye think the town will dandle ;  
Or who shall hold the candle ?

Punch. ——— I care not a farthing,  
But Harlequini's luno  
Has cook'd a deal of fun-o,  
Of pantomime and pun-o,

And

And expects a mighty run-o  
                                     At Covent-Garden,  
 Col. Shall us go and see the fun-o  
                                     At Covent-Garden.  
 Punch. In playhouses, full fix-o,  
           One knows not where to fix-o,  
           Till they let us in for nix-o,  
                                     That's Punch's bargain.  
 Both. In play-houses, &c.

## SONG XLI.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles ;  
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fate<sup>s</sup>  
           will is :  
       You, my boy, must go,  
       The gods will have it so,  
       To the siege of Troy,  
 Thence never to return to Greece again,  
 But before those walls to be slain.  
  
 Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
 But all the while you lie before the town,  
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry ;  
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

## SONG XLII.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great lec-  
           ture,  
 And refine on the rules of old architecture.  
 High honour to masons the craft daily brings,  
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.  
  
 We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,  
 And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age ;  
 And Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,  
 Since so many now rise under Montagu's reign.  
  
 The noble five orders compos'd with such art,  
 Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the whole  
           heart.

Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,  
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then master and brethren, preserve your great  
name ;

This lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you fame ;  
Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,  
And its glories ne'er fade, till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,  
Inspires our genius, and makes labour smile ;  
To our noble grand master let a bumper be crown'd,  
To all masons a bumper, so let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,  
Our ancient firm union cement with a glass,  
And all the contention 'mongst masons shall be,  
Who better can work, or who better agree.

#### SONG XLIII.

ONCE in our lives,  
Let's drink to our wives,  
Tho' their numbers are but small ;  
Heaven take the best,  
And the devil take the rest ;  
And so we shall get rid of them all.  
To this hearty wish,  
Let each man take his dish,  
And drink, drink till he fall.

#### SONG XLIV.

POWERFUL guardians of all nature,  
O preserve my beauteous love !  
Powerful guardians of all nature,  
O preserve my beauteous love !  
Keep from insults that dear creature,  
Her virtue sure has charms to move.  
Powerful guardians of all nature,  
O preserve my beauteous love, &c,

SONG

## SONG XLV.

SAVE women and wine, there is nothing in life  
That can bribe honest souls to endure it ;  
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with  
care,

Dear women and wine only cure it.

*Dear women, &c.*

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and  
wine,

Aud wisely to purpose employ them ;  
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,  
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

As women and wine, dear women and wine,  
*Whilst vigour, &c.*

Our wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear  
Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires ;  
Our girls young and smart, and shall kiss with a  
smack,

And shall gratify all our desires ;  
The bottles we'll crack, and the lasses we'll smack,  
*And gratify, &c.*

## SONG XLVI.

SAY, good master Bacchus, astride on your butt,  
Since our Champaigne's is gone, and our Claret's  
run out,

Which of all the brisk wines in your empire that  
grow,

Will serve to delight your poor drunkards below ?

Resolve us, great sir, and soon send us it over,  
Lest we die, lest we die of the sin of being sober.

## SONG XLVII.

STAND round my brave boys with heart and with  
voice,

And all in full chorus agree ;

We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,  
 And let the world know we'll be free,  
 And let the world know we'll be free.  
 The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,  
 And echo shall victory bring ;  
 Then safe from alarms we'll rest on our arms,  
 And chorus it, Long live the king,  
 Long live the king, long live the king,  
 Long live the king, long live the king,  
 And chorus it long live the king.  
 With hearts firm and stout, we'll repel the bold  
 rout,  
 And follow fair liberty's call,  
 We'll rush on the foe, and deal death in each blow,  
 Till conquest and honour crown all.  
*And chorus, &c.*  
 Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our  
 shore,  
 And plenty and peace blest the isle ;  
 The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,  
 And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.  
*And chorus, &c.*  
 Kind love shall repay the fatigue of the day,  
 And melt us to softer alarms ;  
 Coy Phillis shall burn, at her soldier's return,  
 And blest the brave youth in her arms.  
*And chorus, &c.*

## SONG XLVIII.

STella and Flavia ev'ry hour  
 Do various hearts surprize ;  
 In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,  
 And Flavia's in her eyes.  
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,  
 And Stella's more confin'd ;  
 All can discern a face that's fair,  
 But few a heavenly mind.

Stella

Stella like Britain's monarch reigns  
 O'er cultivated lands ;  
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns  
 To rule o'er barren sands.  
 Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face  
 Thy beauty's only store ;  
 Each day that makes thy charms decrease,  
 Will give to Stella more.

## S O N G XLIX.

**T**HE lawland lads think they are fine ;  
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy !  
 How much unlike that graceful mien,  
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie ?  
 O my bonny bonny Highland laddie,  
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;  
 May heav'n still guard, and love reward,  
 Our Lawland lads and her Highland laddie.  
 If I were free at will to chuse,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trows,  
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The bravest beau in Borrow's-town,  
 In all his airs, with art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown,  
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy ;  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er Benty hills with him I'll run,  
 And leave my lawland kin and dady.  
 From winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

A painted room and filken bed,  
 May please a lawland laird and laidy ;  
 But I can kiss and be as glad,  
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*



Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie,  
*O my bonny, &c.*

SONG L. *Fair Delia.*

SICK of the world, fair Delia flew  
 To contemplation's rural seat ;  
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu,  
 Fools only study to be great :  
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,  
 The moss-grown roof and matted floor,  
 All these she had, 'twas mighty well ;  
 But yet she wanted something more.  
     Yet she wanted,  
     But yet she wanted something more,

Back to the busy world again  
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find  
 Ease for imaginary pain,  
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :  
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,  
 By turns, her fickle fancy fill ;  
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r,  
 But yet she wanted something ~~more~~ *still*  
     Yet she wanted, &c.

Cities and groves, by turns, were try'd,  
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale ;  
 Delia at length became a bride,  
 A bride to Damon of the vale ;

Behold,

Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd,  
 Damon grew kind I can't tell how,  
 Each place a paradise appear'd,  
 And Delia wanted nothing now.  
*Delia wanted, &c.*

SONG LI. *The Plumber.*

A Plumber I am and I work for my bread,  
 Not aham'd of my craft, tho' a dealer in lead,  
 And men of my calling, tho' that they'll not own,  
 May always be found from the cot to the throne.  
 And men of my calling, &c.

The lawyer so grave with a twang in his nose,  
 And his hums and his ha's, and his eke's and also's,  
 When at each knotty point he is scratching his  
 head,  
 He'll find that like me he's a dealer in lead.

The captain perhaps may despise a poor glazier,  
 Because his bluff countenance comes from the bra-  
 zier,

Tho' he struts in his lace, and swaggers in red,  
 Yet his brains like his bullets are nothing but lead.

Let no lovely damsel a plumber despise,  
 For his lead soon will melt at the beams of her eyes,  
 And he's brisk as quicksilver she'll find when a-bed,  
 Tho' all the day long he's a dealer in lead.

SONG LII. *Robin Hood.*

AS blythe as the linnet sings in the green wood,  
 So blythe we'll wake, we'll wake the morn;  
 So blythe, &c.

And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,  
 We'll wind the bugle, bugle horn.  
 We'll wind, &c.

The

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,  
 Bold Robin disdains to fly;  
 Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sher-  
 wood,  
 Or vanquish boys or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are  
 good,  
 And well their master know;  
 They're cut in the forest of merry Sherwood,  
 And ne'er will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deers blood,  
 We'll hunt them all o'er the plain;  
 And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,  
 No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John who were never subdu'd,  
 Gave each his hand so bold;  
 We'll reign thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,  
 What says my hearts of gold,  
 What say, &c.

## SONG LIH.

JOHN Anderfon my Jo John,  
 I wonder what you mean,  
 To rise so soon in the morning,  
 And set up so late at e'en.  
 You'll blear out all your e'en, John,  
 And why will you do so;  
 Come sooner to your bed at e'en,  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

John Anderfon my Jo John,  
 When first you did begin,  
 You had as good a tail tree,  
 As ony ither man.  
 But now it's waxen auld, John,  
 And it wriggles to and fro';  
 I gie twa geas up for anes gea down,  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

John

John Anderfon my Jo John,  
 You may play whene'er you please,  
 Either in the warm Bed,  
 Or else a boon the cleafe.  
 Or you shall have the horns John,  
 Upon your Head to grow ;  
 That is a Cuckold's Malice on  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

When you come on before, John,  
 See that you do your best :  
 When you begin to ha'd me,  
 See that you grip me fast.  
 See that you grip me fast, John,  
 Until that I cry, Oh !  
 Your back shall crack e'er I cry slack,  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

Oh ! it is a fine thing,  
 To keek out o'er the dyke,  
 But it's a muckle finer thing,  
 To see the Hurdies fyke,  
 To see the Hurdies fyke, John,  
 And wriggle't to and fro',  
 'Tis then I like your chaunter-pipe,  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

I'm backit like a Salmon,  
 I'm breasted like a Swan,  
 My wyme it is a down cod,  
 My middle you may span.  
 From my tap unto my toe, John,  
 I'm like the new-faw'n snow,  
 And 'tis a' for your conveniency,  
 John Anderfon my Jo.

SONG LIV.

SONG LIV. *To the Tune of, The Roast Beef of Old England.*

## BOATSWAIN.

SINCE again bold defiance appears in proud France,  
Ye staunch British tars, let us boldly advance;  
And now in our turns let us teach them a dance.

## CHORUS of Jolly Tars.

O! the brave Tars of Old England;  
And, O! the Old English brave Tars.

Tho' furious at first, yet we know they'll soon fly O  
But brave English Tars, they will conquer or die O;  
From the shores of old Thames, to the banks of Ohio.  
O the brave Tars, &c.

As soon as just vengeance shall take up her whip,  
From the head to the stern they will tremble and skip;  
For they live on Soup Maigre, while we drink good flip,  
O the brave Tars, &c.

Our commanders, tho' wise, will give valour due  
scope,  
As the Ship is impell'd, or restrain'd, by a rope;  
Fair caution's our helm, and our anchor is hope.  
O the brave Tars, &c.

As soon as our glorious commander embarks,  
In spite of the threats of ten thousand mon---archs:  
We are gudgeons, they think; but they'll find we are  
sharks, O the brave Tars, &c.

The genius of Britain behold on the deck,  
And Old English faith without blemish or speck;  
For either, or both, I'd venture my neck.  
O the brave Tars, &c.

Behold naval glory presents her own crown t'ye:  
Come hither, brave boys, from each town and each  
county,  
And joyous partake of his majesty's bounty.  
O the brave Tars, &c.

No more shall the French, with their Gasconades  
 brave ye,  
 But each fop in armour shall cry out peccavi ;  
 Sing huzzah! to king GEORGE, and his brave royal  
 navy.

CHORUS of Jolly Tars.  
 O! the brave Tars of Old England ;  
 And, O! the Old English brave Tars.

SONG LV. *Cure for the Vapours.* Sung by  
 Miss Young.

WHY will *Delia* thus retire,  
 And languish all her life away ?  
 While the sighing crowd admire,  
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.  
 All those dismal looks and fretting,  
 Cannot *Damon's* life restore ;  
 Long ago the worms have eat him ;  
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,  
 In the glass your face review,  
 So much weeping soon will spoil it,  
 And no spring your charms renew.  
 I, like you, was born a woman,  
 Well I know what vapours mean ;  
 The disease, alas! is common,  
*Single*, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us,  
 Never cur'd the sorrow-yet :  
 Chuse among the pretty fellows,  
 One of humour, youth and wit :  
 Prithee hear him ev'ry morning,  
 At the least an hour or two ;  
 Once again at night returning,  
 —I believe the dose will do.

SONG LVI.



## SONG LVI. A loyal Song.

**R**OUS'D Europe now is up in arms,  
*Bellona* spreads her dire alarms ;  
 The trump of fame with martial sounds,  
 Th' admiring world re-echo's round ;  
 And *Prussia's* King, in dread array,  
 Strikes neighb'ring monarchs with dismay :

He has the sword already wield,  
 And dy'd with blood the warring field ;  
 From iron mouths, grim death has roll'd,  
 And mimic thunder frights the world ;  
 Whole armies now for fight prepare,  
 And kings invoke the god of war.

*Britannia* once rose high in fame,  
 No state but dreaded *Britain's* name :  
 As far as is the farthest shore,  
*Albion's* lion's heard to roar.  
*France* does *England* now deride,  
 Rouse up and crush the Gallic pride.

Send flying death, enwrapt in lead,  
 Your chain and shot with double head ;  
 From bellowing lungs, through pervious air,  
 Destroy her coast, her monarch scare ;  
 Assert your rights, home victory bring,  
 And save your country and your king.

## SONG LVII.

**T**HE heroes preparing to finish the war,  
 And bid to the camp an adieu ;  
 Now sheath up their swords, and rejoice, O ye fair,  
 To think of returning to you.

With smiles then, ye lasses, embellish your charms,  
 Your lovers with raptures will come ;  
 O take the brave fellows close to your arms,  
 And tenderly welcome them home.

## SONG LVIII.

SONG LVIII. *Kitty Fell.*

WHILE beaus to please the ladies write,  
 Or bards to get a dinner by't,  
 Their well feign'd passions tell;  
 Let me in humble verse proclaim  
 My love for her that bears the Name  
 Of charming *Kitty Fell.*

That *Kitty's* beautiful and young,  
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,  
 Alas! I know full well,  
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,  
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,  
 That came from *Kitty Fell.*

Of late I hop'd by reason's aid,  
 To cure the wounds which love had made,  
 And bade a long farewell:  
 But th'other day she cross'd the green,  
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,  
 My charming *Kitty Fell.*

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way  
 To church, she cry'd, — I cannot stay,  
 Why don't you hear the bell?  
 To church, — oh! take me with thee there,  
 I pray'd! she would not hear my prayer,  
 Ah! cruel *Kitty Fell.*

And now I find 'tis all in vain,  
 I live to love and to complain,  
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell,  
 For tho' she casts a scornful eye,  
 In death my faltering tongue will cry,  
 Adieu! dear *Kitty Fell.*

SONG LIX. *The Batchelors Choice.*

IF ever, oh! *Hymen*, you grant me a Wife,  
 Let this be her portrait, she'll hold me for life;  
 Youth, beauty, good nature, averse to conceit,  
 Her sense quite refin'd, and in person quite neat.

I'd

I'd have her with prudence be careful and free,  
 Not reserv'd like a drone, or at least not to me;  
 Obliging and easy, compliment with smiles,  
 Misled by no passions, allur'd by no wiles.

If the fair I describe, in this isle can be found,  
 For no other I'll wed, if I search the world round;  
 When summon'd by *Hymen*, I'll gladly away,  
 To hear the soft promise to "love and obey"

SONG LX. *Bread and Cheese and Kisses.*

LAST time I saw my Chloe's eyes,  
 As usual, first our talk was love;  
 But suddenly as topics rise,  
 So we to other subjects move:  
 I ask'd if she had din'd? —On what,  
 (For nought with us amiss is, )  
 She to my question answer'd pat,  
*On bread and cheese and kisses.*

Now could you think I'm jealous grown?  
 Indeed 'tis true as I am here;  
 But yet on me she ne'er did frown,  
 Then rivals I've no need to fear:  
 Yet still, alas! 'twould pierce my breast,  
 If ought I've done amiss is,  
 To make her with another feast,  
*On bread and cheese and kisses.*

Come *Hymen*, God of nuptial band,  
 And light to hymeneal blifs,  
 I have a heart, I have a hand,  
 A dowry good, I'll give her these:  
 What is more choice than truth to give?  
 To that all wealth amiss is,  
 Possess'd of her content I'd live  
*On bread and cheese and Kisses.*

SONG LXI.

SONG LXI. *The Nun and Friar.*

**O**F *Constance* holy legends tell,  
 The softest sister of the cell,  
 None sent to heav'n so sweet a cry,  
 Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.  
 No wanton taint her bosom knew,  
 Her hours in heav'nly visions flew;  
 Her knees were worn by midnight pray'rs,  
 And thus she breathes divinest airs.

“ In lonely walks and awful cells,  
 “ Secluded from the light and vain,  
 “ The cherub peace with virtue dwells,  
 “ And solitude and silence reign.  
 “ The babler's voice is heard not here,  
 “ To heav'n the sacred pile belongs;  
 “ Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r,  
 “ And echoes but to holy songs.

Alas! that pamper'd monks should dare  
 Intrude where faintest vestals are;  
 For zeal's a fever of the mind,  
 A symptom that the heart is kind;  
 A flash that kindles up desire,  
 And melts away in softest fire.

With shame the muse pursues the tale,  
 The priest was young, the nun was frail;  
 Devotion falter'd on her tongue,  
 Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung:

“ Alas! how deluded was I,  
 “ To fancy delights as I did;  
 “ With maidens at midnight to sigh,  
 “ And love, the sweet passion forbid.  
 “ Ah! father, my folly forgive,  
 “ And still to absolve me be nigh;  
 “ Thy lessons have taught me to live,  
 “ Come teach me, Oh, teach me to die.

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,  
 Her bosom half naked met his;  
 Transported in silence they hung,  
 And melted at every kiss.

“ Ah!

“ Ah ! father,” expiring she cry’d,  
 “ With raptures I yield up my breath ! ”  
 “ Ah ! daughter,” he fondly reply’d,  
 “ The righteous find comfort in death.”

SONG LXII. *Kitty; or the Female Phaeton.*

**T**HUS *Kitty* beautiful and young,  
 And wild as colt untam’d;  
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,  
 With little rage inflam’d.  
 Inflam’d with rage at sad restraint,  
 Which wise mamma ordain’d,  
 And sorely vex’d to play the saint,  
 While wit and beauty reign’d.

Must lady *Jenny* frisk about  
 And visit with her cousins ?  
 At balls must she make all the rout,  
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?  
 What has she better, pray, than I,  
 What hidden charms to boast,  
 That all mankind for her should die,  
 While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, Dear mamma, for once let me,  
 Unchain’d my fortune try,  
 I’ll have my earl as well as she,  
 Or know the reason why :  
 Fond love prevail’d, mamma gave way,  
 And *Kitty* at heart’s desire,  
 Obtain’d the chariot for a day,  
 And set the world on fire.

SONG LXIII. *The Dream.*

**O**H how blissful ’tis to languish,  
 When soft wishes warm the breast,  
 Sighs in part disclose our anguish,  
 And our blushes speak the rest.

Gay desires which fondly please us,  
 Prove by night our fondest themes ;  
 But when midnight slumbers seize us,  
 Oh the charming charming dreams.

SONG LIV. *The Ignorant Nymph.*

I Us'd, I remember it well,  
 To frown, and to pish, and cry fie,  
 When *Damon* his passion would tell,  
 But I could not myself tell for why.  
 Whenever we met on the plain,  
 I always was prudish and shy ;  
 He'd kiss me and kiss me again,  
 Though I ask'd him, he would not tell why.  
 " My breath was more sweet than the air ;  
 " I sung like the warblers on high ;"  
 His speeches were pretty, I swear,  
 But he made them I could not tell why.  
 Indeed teasing shepherd, I cry'd,  
 I know not your meaning, not I !  
 To speak very gravely, I try'd,  
 But I laugh'd, though I could not tell why.  
 He stifled my laugh with a kiss,  
 And vow'd that for me he would die ;  
 I thought if he did 'twere amiss,  
 So I begg'd he would tell me for why.  
 Does *Phyllis* then pity, he cries,  
 To church let us instantly fly :  
 I seem'd in a sort of surprize,  
 But I went, though I knew not for why.  
 'Twas what he long wish'd to be at,  
 I'm glad on't, I cannot deny ;  
 We kiss, and we play, and all that,  
 And I love him, I need not tell why.

SONG LV.



SONG LVI. *The Happy Meeting.*

AS *Jamie* gay, gang'd blithe his way,  
Along the banks of *Tweed*;

A bonny lass, as ever was,  
Came tripping o'er the mead.

The hearty swain, untaught to feign,  
The buxom nymph survey'd ;

And full of glee, as lad could be,  
Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thine sel,  
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here :

My ewes she cry'd, are straying wide,  
Can'st tell me laddy where ?

To town ise hie, he made reply,  
Some muckle sport to see ;

But thour't so sweet, so trim and neat,  
Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,  
But lik'd the youth's intent ;

O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
Right merrily they went.

The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,  
And flowers bloom'd around ;

And as the walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the Sun, had rose to noon,  
The zenith of his pow'r,

When to a shade, their steps they made,  
To pass the mid-day hour,

The bonny lad, raw'd in his plaid,  
The lass who scorn'd to frown ;

She soon forgot, the ewes she sought,  
And he to gang to town.

SONG LVII. *A loyal Song.*

COME my jolly brisk boys lay your hop-poles aside,  
Each lad take his can and his wench ;

Old *England* now sails with the wind and the tide,  
To rouse us and down with the *French*.

What's

What's he that presides at the court of *Versailles*,  
 To the planter that sits on the bench ;  
 Huzza for your hops, your stout beer, and good ales,  
 Down with the *French* wine and down the *French*.

Inspir'd by such martial strong liquors as these,  
 Our thirst for Revenge we will quench ;  
 Our sov'reign, our sailors, our ships and our seas,  
 Are united to down with the *French*.

Tho' void of all weapons, of guns, and of swords,  
 While his fist a brave Briton can clench ;  
 We will sway by the weapons which nature affords,  
 'Gainst the arts and the arms of the *French*.

Our ports like our hearts shall be open and free,  
 We scorn for to fly or intrench ;  
 Take the liquor my bucks, take the liquor with glee,  
 Down with that, and then down with the *French*.

SONG LVIII. *John and Nell.*

AS *Nell* sat underneath her cow,  
 Upon a cock of hay,  
 Brisk *John* was coming from his plough,  
 And chanc'd to pass that way ;  
 Like light'ning to the maid he flew,  
 And by the hand he squeez'd her,  
 " Pray *John* " she cry'd, " be quiet do,"  
 And frown'd——because he teaz'd her.

Young Cupid from his mother's knee,  
 Observ'd her female pride,  
 " Go on and prosper, *John*," says he,  
 " And I will be your guide."  
 Then aim'd at *Nelly's* breast a dart,  
 From pride it soon releas'd her,  
 She faintly cry'd, " I feel love's smart,"  
 And sigh'd——because it eas'd her,

*John* laid himself down by her side,  
 And stole a kiss or two ;

And

And flattery's charm he also try'd,  
 'Till she the kinder grew :  
 The poison soon began to spread,  
 And in the nick he seiz'd her ;  
 She trembled, blush'd, and hung her head,  
 Then smil'd ——— because he pleas'd her.

SONG LIX. *Dorus and Cleora.*

CLEORA sat beneath a shade,  
 Her wanton flocks forgot to play,  
 Then listen to the lovely maid,  
 While thus she mourns her shepherd's stay.

Sure time and love are both asleep,  
 Or *Dorus* would his promise keep ;  
 Haste gentle shepherd, hither move.  
 And we'll awake both time and love.

*Dorus* wing'd with swift desire,  
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain ;  
 Approaching joys the maid inspire,  
 And thus she meets her panting swain :

Fly care and anguish far away,  
 While pleasures bless this happy day ;  
 Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,  
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

SONG LXX. *The Bashful Lover.*

YOUNG *Damon* am'rous and sincere,  
 One noon sat pensive in the bow'r ;  
 Ye Gods ! he cry'd, send *Sylvia* here,  
 My passion shall be blest this hour.

Too long with sighs and vows and pray'rs,  
 I've woo'd the unrelenting maid ;  
 Now were she here, for all its cares,  
 My faithful heart should be repaid.

The

The swain had just finish'd his resolute tale,  
 When *Sylvia* appear'd tripping blithe o'er the vale;  
 To weave a sweet chaplet of roses and lillies,  
 She came and brought with her the pert little *Phyllis*.

Up started the shepherd, surpriz'd at the view,  
 "I ask'd for one nymph, lo! the gods have sent two;"  
 Ye pow'rs 'tis unkind at a lover to laugh,  
 One maid at a time had been better by half.  
 He bow'd and he blush'd, nor had courage to stay,  
 Are all men so bashful? they're not I dare say.

## SONG LXXI.

*FANNY* fairer than a flower,  
 But uncertain as the wind;  
 Ever trifling with her power,  
 Meant alone to bless mankind.  
 Now with smiles her face adorning,  
 She to love my heart invites;  
 But if love I offer, scorning  
 She with frowns my passion slights.

Oh thou god of pleasing anguish,  
 If indeed a god you be;  
 Teach the tyrant how to languish,  
 Make her heart and eyes agree:  
 But if wilful she refuses,  
 To obey the powers divine,  
 Make the man whom first she chuses,  
 Treat her heart as she does mine.

## SONG LXXII.

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain,  
 Who in transports of passion affects to complain,  
 For his rage, and his love in that frenzy, is shewn,  
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.  
 But the shepherd whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the heart,  
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice at the smart,

Or

Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,  
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,  
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs ;  
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,  
His tale is so tender — he coo's like a dove.

SONG LXXIII. *A New Dialogue.*

H E.

Dearest *Daphne* turn thine eyes,  
Jocund day begins to rise ;  
See the morn with roses crown'd,  
Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground :  
Love invites to yonder grove,  
Where only lovers dare to rove ;  
Let us haste, make no delay,  
*Cupid's* call we must obey.

S H E.

Ah *Philander*, I'm afraid :  
The poor *Laura* was betray'd  
By young *Strephon's* subtil wiles,  
Soothing words, and artful smiles :  
Simple maids are soon undone,  
When their simple hearts are won ;  
Press me not, I must away,  
And honour's strict commands obey.

H E.

Gentle *Daphne* fear not you,  
I'll be ever kind and true ;  
Think no more on *Laura's* fate,  
View yon turtle and its mate ;  
See how freely they impart  
The impulse of each others heart :  
Like them my fair, let's sport and play,  
Nature prompts us to obey.

S H E.

## S H E

Shepherd I perceive your aim,  
 You and *Strephon* are the same;  
 You like him would me betray,  
 Should I trust whate'er you say:

## H E.

If *Daphne* doubts, let *Hymen's* bands  
 This instant join our willing hands:  
 The invitation I obey,  
 And love with honour will repay.

## B O T H.

No longer then the moments waste,  
 But to the altar let us haste:  
 The invitation we obey,  
 And love with honour will repay.

SONG LXXIV. *The Tars of Old England.*

BEHOLD my brave *Britons* the fair springing gale,  
 Fill a bumper and tofs off your glasses,  
 Bus part of your frolicksome lasses;  
 Then aboard and unfurl the wide-spreading sail:  
     While BRITISH Oak beneath us rolls,  
     And ENGLISH courage fires our souls,  
     To crown our toils the fates decree  
     The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,  
     Life and fortune we cheerfully venture,  
     We laugh, and we quaff, and we banter,  
 Nor think of to-morrow, while sure of to-day.  
     While BRITISH, &c.

The streamers of *France* at a distance appear,  
     We must mind other music than catches,  
     Man our quarters and handle our matches,  
 Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.  
     While BRITISH, &c.

Engender'd



Engender'd in smoak and deliver'd in flame,  
*British* vengeance rolls loud as the thunder,  
 Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,  
 So victory follows, with riches and fame.  
 While BRITISH, &c.

SONG LXXV. *The Wheel Barrow.*

*Recitative.*

AS porter *Will*, along St. Paul's did move,  
 Deprest with weighty load, but more by love,  
 By chance the fair *Cerissa* their he found,  
 Crying her fine heart cherries, round and sound.  
*Will* joyous instant pitch'd, then strait cares'd her,  
 And leaning o'er the barrow thus address'd her.

*Air.*

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far,  
 Than those which in the barrow are ;  
 With such a store of charms, 'tis well  
 You may have stolen hearts to sell.

Mine dear *Cerissa* too, you know  
 You stole it from me long ago ;  
 And now I stoop to ask of thee, |  
 To give it back, or marry me.

*Recitative.*

*Cerissa* archly leering as he spake,  
 While all the cherry blush'd upon her cheek,  
 The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd cull'd apace,  
 And sent like thunder at his doleful face ;  
 Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,  
 And looking round at *Will*, triumphant sung ;

*Air.*

Shall I possess of all these charms,  
 Sleep nightly in a porter's arms ?  
 M'ambitious soul detests such scum,  
 And sighs for conquests yet to come.

Fair youths my sov'reign power shall feel,  
 Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,  
 And beauteous nymphs, shall envious see,  
 Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

## SONG LXXVI.

**I**N *Chloris* all soft charms agree,  
 Enchanting humour, pow'rful wit,  
 Beauty from affectation free,  
 And for eternal empire fit:

Where'er she goes, love waits her eyes:  
 The women envy, men adore,  
 But did she less the triumph prize,  
 She would deserve the conquest more.

I could lye ages at her feet,  
 Adore her, careless of my pain;  
 With tender vows her rigour meet,  
 Despair, love on, yet not complain.

My passion from all change secure,  
 No favours raise, no frown controuls;  
 I any torment could endure,  
 But hoping with a croud of fools.

SONG LXXVII. *Love and Constancy.*

**L**ONG time my heart had rov'd,  
 Inconstant as the wind;  
 Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,  
 Till one my heart confin'd:  
 The maid was blithe, was young and fair,  
 From affectation free;  
 No imperfection did appear,  
 While she look'd kind on me.

When her my pain I told,  
 And all my grief confest;  
 The insolence of female pride,  
 Her cold disdain exprest:

The beauty I esteem'd before,  
 Appear'd deformity ;  
 Each charm I thought a charm no more,  
 She was unkind to me.

SONG LXXVIII. *Beauty and Musick.*

BEAUTY and Musick charm the soul,  
 Though sep'rate in the fair ;  
 What mortal can their pow'r controul,  
 When heav'n has join'd them there ?  
 What needed then my *Cælia's* art,  
 To sing, or touch her lyre ?  
 Your charms before had won my heart,  
 'Twas adding flame to fire.

SONG LXXIX. *Cantata.*

BRITANNIA's fervent pray'r great *George* has heard,  
 This isle's his sole regard ;  
 The best of monarchs reigns  
 O'er *Britain's* fruitful plains :  
 Long may his life be spar'd,  
 A blessing to this happy land,  
 While *France*, perfidious *France* durst not withstand,  
 The force of his puissant hand :  
*Britannia's* injur'd cause t'espouse,  
 See, see the *British* Lion rouse,  
 And knit on *France* his awful brows.

The trumpets clangor's heard around,  
 And drums a peal of thunder beat ;  
 With echoes all the hills rebound,  
 And fierce *Bellona's* rage repeat.

*Apollo* once that charm'd my soul,  
 Must lay aside his tuneful lyre,  
 Sounds more noble now inspire,  
 And all his pow'r controul.

*Mars* calls a charge, he bids you arm,  
 Revenge your noble bosoms warm,

'Tis

'Tis liberty that sounds th'alarm ;  
 In her defence she bids you rise,  
 Revenge, revenge, the hero cries ;  
*Britannia's* free-born sons disdain.  
 Inglorious e'er to quit the plain.

True *Britons* brave,  
 Whom none could e'er enslave,  
     Your hearts unite,  
     Like heroes fight,  
         With sword in hand  
 Subdue the *French* by sea and land.

There vanquish'd *France* to *George* shall bow,  
 And peace to *Britain's Caesar* owe ;  
 For courage ne'er inspir'd the slave,  
 Success will only crown the brave.

SONG LXXX. *The Spinsters.*

YE busy tribe that haunt the court,  
     And spend your time in noise and care ;  
 Come to the woods where I resort ;  
     Come taste the pleasures sweet and fair.  
 Let the town *Cbloe* bear the bell,  
     The theme and toast of city rout ;  
 Far greater wonders I can tell  
     Of her that turns the wheel about.

The sickly mistress of the town,  
     By slothful ease her features marr ;  
 But country spinsters ripe and blown  
     With wholesome toil, still fairer are :  
 The noble youth in midnight sports,  
     Contracts the dropfy and the gout ;  
 But 'tis not so with him that courts  
     The maid that turns the wheel about.

O may I live, O may I range,  
     And in the country spend my days ;  
 May no sad fate my cottage change,  
     And to a stately palace raise ;

And

And live with beauteous *Rosalind*,  
 Till time has spun his thread quite out ;  
 And wear an age to see her spin,  
 And turn her constant wheel about.

What though so vile and mean we be,  
 Who in a country cottage dwell !  
 A change of fortune we may see,  
 When spinsters bear away thee bell.  
 No, no, the wanton cockney cries,  
 We'll never mix with rural rout ;  
 But they shall see with other eyes,  
 When fortune turns her wheel about.

SONG LXXXI. *A new Song.*

SAY, does thy jealous fears proceed,  
 From those external charms ;  
 Which grace the maid, that's ne'er decreed,  
 To shelter in my arms ?  
 Or canst thou think I fondly stray,  
 To add a double smart ;  
 That ev'ry tender glancing ray,  
 Can turn my settled heart ?

If such oppressive thoughts conspire,  
 And still persist to reign ;  
 Correct them, lest their growing fire,  
 Consume with causeless pain :  
 When *Calia* smiles, I'm fully blest,  
 My soul dissolves to love ;  
 And could suspicion fly her breast,  
 I ne'er would envy *Jove*.

SONG LXXXII. *On Jenny Benson.*

I Lost myself, when first I view'd,  
 Fair *Jenny's* charming face.  
 My stubborn heart, by love subdu'd,  
 Began to melt apace :

Tho'

Tho' Beauty's charms, it did withstand,  
 unconquer'd oft before ;  
 Yet now it yields, beyond command,  
 To worship and adore.

The bravest heart that ever grac'd,  
 The breast of mankind here,  
 Would quickly find itself embrac'd,  
 Should *Jenny* but appear.  
 The Gods themselves whom heaven greets,  
 Would soon descend below ;  
 Ever to revel in the sweets,  
 Which *Jenny* does bestow.

No wonder then the passive heart  
 Of mortal man gives way ;  
 To charms which love to gods impart,  
 Who in their turns obey ;  
 And own that ne'er was woman seen,  
 In beauty's form compleat ;  
 Till they beheld fair *Jenny's* mein,  
 Where all the graces meet.

*Juno, Minerva, Venus* too,  
 To form her all conjoin'd :  
 Wove wisdom fast in beauty's clue,  
 And constancy of mind.  
 Who is't but knows this fair one's name,  
 Whom rests love's sole defence on ;  
 When ev'ry hour resounding fame,  
 Proclaims it *Jenny Benson*.

SONG LXXXIII. *Daphne*.

NO more for another my bosom should glow,  
 If *Daphne* would hear me and pity my woe ;  
 A fond tale of love, I'd in raptures repeat,  
 What my heart can't express that my eyes should  
 intreat.

But ah ! by what fancies we lovers are led,  
 To pleasures as great as the pain that I dread ;  
 Still



Still I fear I must suffer and languish for you,  
 'Tho' hopeless my passion still love and be true.

When absent from thee, still thy image appears :  
 What to my eye's wanting, my thought still repairs.  
 If 'tis possible beauty like yours can receive,  
 From adoring addition, that *Daphne* I give.

Wou'd you thro' compassion but soften my care,  
 And I the fond transports (regarded) should share;  
 What swain then my *Daphne*, such pleasures cou'd  
 prove ?

From the depth of despair, to the heighth of true love.

SONG LXXXIV. *The Resentment.*

SINCE *Sylvia* slights my love,  
 And treats me with disdain ;  
 Shall I then faithful prove,  
 And sigh for her in vain.

No, no, disdainful fair,  
 I'm not so much your slave ;  
 Unpitied chains to wear,  
 My liberty I'll have.

Your haughty looks I scorn,  
 And laugh at all your pride,  
 For, *Silvia*, I was born  
 Such folly to deride.

A nymph than you more kind,  
 That boasts more charms than you,  
 I live in hopes to find ;  
 So bid you now adieu.

SONG LXXXV.

TO convent, stream, and shady grove,  
 May *Celia* be confin'd,  
 And from *Augusta* far remove,  
 Though handsome, she's unkind :

Let

Let her not range, nor pleasure take  
 In town, who nought will give ;  
 Why should we room for beauty make,  
 Which will not let us live ?

Eternal pains like those of hell,  
 Who her admire endure ;  
 She always knows to wound too well,  
 Yet never works a cure :  
 How would the state the burden bear,  
 If in the throne were seen,  
 As in love's empire we do fear.  
*A tyrant for a queen.*

SONG LXXXV. *Teady Foaley.*

**T**EADY Foaley, you are my darling,  
 You are my looking-glass, both night and  
 morning,

I would rather have you without one farthing,  
 Then *Bryan M' Loughlin*, with his house and garden.

Oh! *Norab a Gra* I do not doubt you,  
 And for that reason I will kifs, and mouth you,  
 Was you alone with ten and twenty about you,  
 By my soul and troath I would not gone without you.

*Arah Teady a Gra* how sham'd you did make me,  
 When at the pattran, to dance you did take me,  
 All the peoples there did wonder greatly,  
 To see me dance with my own dear *Teady*.

Oh! *Norab a Gra* I love you dearly,  
 I will cut the turf and brought it home early,  
 I will burn the beatins upon the seatys,  
 I will sow oats, and cabbage, and I will trench the  
 potatoes.

Then I myself will trash in the barn,  
 First I will winnow then grind the corn,  
 I will make you a shute of frise of good dark yarn,  
 And the long cold nights I will keep you warm.  
 I and that I will.

## SONG LXXXVI.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the Regions below,  
 Which men are forbidden to see ;  
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,  
 To set his Eurydice free,  
 —To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd, a person so wise  
 Should so rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far, but how vast their surprize!  
 When they heard that he came for his wife.  
 —how vast the surprize! when they heard  
 that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,  
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain ;  
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,  
 So he gave him his wife back again,  
 —so he gave him, &c.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again, in reward of his art ;  
 Such power had musick in hell,  
 —in reward, &c.

## SONG LXXXVII.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
 To bring back the wife that he lov'd ;  
 Old Pluto confounded, as histories show,  
 To find that his musick so mov'd :

That a woman so good, so virtuous and fair,  
 Shou'd be by a man thus trapann'd,  
 To give up her freedom for sorrow and care ;  
 He own'd she deserv'd to be damn'd.

For punishment he never study'd a whit,  
 The torments of hell had not pain  
 Sufficient to curse her : so Pluto thought fit  
 Her husband should have her again, But

But soon he compassion'd the woman's hard fate,  
 And knowing of mankind so well,  
 He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,  
 And said, she'd be happier in hell.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**T**Hursday in the morn the nineteenth of May,  
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two;  
 Brave *Russel* did discern by the dawn of day,  
 The lofty sails of *France* advancing to:  
 All hands aloft, aloft, let *English* valour shine,  
 Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;  
 Let every man supply his gun,  
 Follow me, and you'll see  
 That the battle will be soon begun.

*Tourville* on the main triumphant rowl'd,  
 To meet the gallant *Russel* in combat on the deep;  
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,  
 To sink the *English* Admiral at his feet,  
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself, on fire;  
 And mighty fate stood looking on,  
 Whilst a flood all of blood  
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoak and fire, disturbing the air,  
 With thunder and wonder at sight the Gallic  
 shore;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see the lofty streamers now no more:  
 At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,  
 To give the second blow, the fatal overthrow;  
 Now death and horror equal reign,  
 Now they cry, run or die,  
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands,  
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;  
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,  
 The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate;  
 For

For evermore adieu thou dazling rising sun,  
 From thy untimely end thy masters fate begun ;  
 Enough thou mighty god of war !  
 Now we sing, bless the King,  
 Let us drink to every *English* tar.

## SONG LXXXIX.

'T WAS cold, when young Roger had leave from  
 the 'squire  
 To cleave some dry blocks to recruit his wife's fire;  
 When, at every blow, from his stomach there broke  
 A hem, or a hah, near as loud as the stroke.

His wife standing by, and demanding the reason,  
 Quoth Hodge, these emissions in labouring ease one :  
 For while voice and members at once thus employ'd  
 are,

I drive the wedge farther, and make the slit wider.

Attentive Joan heard, and was silent 'till night,  
 When Roger performing the conjugal rite,  
 In the midst of the rapturous, amorous game,  
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry  
 hem.

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give  
 A comfort so long as his spouse could receive :  
 He cry'd, my dear jewel, I can hem no more in ;  
 There's odds you must know between cleaving and  
 boring.

## SONG XC:

WHO has e'er been at *Paris* must needs know  
 the Greve,  
 The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,  
 Where honour : and justice most odly contribute  
 To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,  
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There

'There death breaks the shackles which force had  
 put on,  
 And the hangman compleats what the judge but begun:  
 There the 'Squire of the pad and the knight of the  
 post,  
 Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes  
 no more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets  
 are known ; (own :  
 And the king, and the law, and the thief has his  
 But my hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou ail,  
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
 And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,  
 A Norman, tho' late, was obliged to appear,  
 And who to assist, but a grave cordelier.

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire whose good grace was to open the scene,  
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin:  
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
 And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the priest  
 You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest,  
 O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,  
 For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough ! prithee ne'er trouble they head with such  
 fancies ;

Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis :  
 If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,  
 You have only to die, let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.



And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?  
 It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade,  
 Courage, friend : to-day is your period of sorrow,  
 And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow,  
 Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our heroe reply'd, in a fright ;  
 He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of  
 to-night.

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and and be fairly  
 trufs'd up,  
 For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.  
 Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,  
 Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat :  
 I should therefore esteem it a favour and grace,  
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place,  
 Derry down, &c

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to  
 boot,  
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:  
 The feast I propose to you I cannot taste,  
 For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast.  
 Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,  
 Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade ;  
 For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie,  
 And we live by the gold for which other men die,  
 Derry down, &c.

### SONG XCI.

#### PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*Between CORYDON and SARAH,  
 Containing all the sweetest Flowers of Poetry, culled  
 from most celebrated new Songs.*

SARAH.

AH ! whether so fast wou'd my Corydon go ?  
 Step in, you've nothing else to do.

CORYDON.

CORYDON.

They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no,  
So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie;  
And I sigh'd, but I could not tell why.  
Now let what will happen by jove i'll be free.

SARAH.

O fye, shepherd, fye, shepherd fye.

CORYDON.

Though you bid me begone back again,  
Yet, Sally, no matter for that.  
The women love kissing as well as the men.

SARAH.

Why what a pox would you be at?  
You told me a tale of a cock and a bull,  
Upon my word he did.

CORYDON.

I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.

SARAH.

Very fine! very pretty indeed!

CORYDON.

Come, come, my dear Sally, to church let us go,  
No more let your answer be no.

SARAH.

The duce sure is in you to plague a maid so,  
I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS by BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,  
We bill like the sparrow and dove.  
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,  
Sure this is mutual love.

## SONG XCII.

**G**IVE us glasses my wench, give us wine and  
we'll quench,

The remembrance of pain and of grief;  
To the winds with our care, for we'll never despair,  
While a bottle can give us relief,  
While a bottle can give us relief.

In our revels and joys we'll forget the proud boy,  
Let Lethe its miracle work;  
For as hollow I find, as the bottle's her mind;  
And her heart is as light as a cork,  
An her heart is as light as a cork.

Ariadne the gay, in despair as they say,  
For the bully that left her behind:  
Wou'd have hang'd, or have drown'd,  
But in Bacchus she found,  
A new lover as constant as kind.

These are fables, my dear, but the moral is clear;  
It was wine that her peace did restore;  
When he left the poor lass,  
Why she took to her glass  
And she never remember'd him more.

## SONG XCIII.

**T**HUS I said to my heart, in a pet t'other day,  
I had rather be hang'd, than go moping this way,  
No throbbings, no wishes, your moments employ,  
But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy.

When Chloe perplex'd me, 'twas sweeter by half,  
And at Thais's wiles, I could oftentimes laugh;  
Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,  
Tho' one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

When I walk'd up the mall, or stroll'd thro' the  
street,  
Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat;  
Or

Or if bang went the hoop, against corner or post,  
In the magical round you were sure to be lost.

But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,  
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive,  
Or the seat of delight if the fig-leaf should hide,  
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside.

Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,  
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage ?  
Tell me quickly the cause ; for it makes me quite mad,  
In the summer gay seasons to see you so sad.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me  
to fray,  
He that haunts down a woman must run a d—d way,  
Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,  
And secure in the chace, her pursuers she mocks.

For Chloe I burnt with an innocent flame,  
And beat to the music that breath'd out her name ;  
Three summers blew over the castles I built,  
And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt.

Next Thais the wanton my wishes employ'd,  
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd ;  
Like Shadrach I liv'd in a furnace of fire,  
But unlike him was scorch'd and compell'd to retire.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,  
And was jilted and burnt, and be-devil'd again ;  
Not a petticoat fring'd, nor the heel of a shoe  
Ever pass'd you by day-light, but at it I flew.

Thus jilted and wounded and burnt to a coal,  
For rest I retreated, again to the whole,  
But your eyes, ever open to lead me astray,  
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,  
 'Twill be folly to ask for, or wish my return;  
 Neither Thais, nor Chloe, again shall inflame,  
 But a nymph more provoking than all you can name.

This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew,  
 Oh Phillis! those eyes saw him posting to you!  
 Enslav'd by your wit, he grew fond of his chain,  
 And vows I shall never possess him again.

SONG XCIV. *Toby Reduced.*

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams with  
 mild ale,  
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,)  
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,  
 As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl.  
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,  
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell,—  
 Bell, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
 In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please;  
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,  
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,  
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown  
 jug;  
 Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.  
 Vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG XCV.

## SONG XCV.

**WE** may boldly assert, what no mortal denies,  
 We are not all rich, we'er not all of a size,  
 In power not equal, not equally wise.  
 Which nobody can deny.

We can't expect sense from all those that can speak,  
 Those are not all wise, who know latin and greek,  
 Those are not all pious, who preach once a week.  
 This nobody can deny.

'Tis not ev'ry positive coxcomb that's right,  
 'Tis not ev'ry captain cockade that will fight,  
 'Tis not ev'ry wife we can trust out of fight,  
 This nobody can deny.

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,  
 A Tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,  
 A capuchin covers oft all that is bad.  
 This nobody can deny.

He must be a soul who loves whet after whet,  
 He may be a cuckold that weds a coquet,  
 He vies with the nation that's always in debt.  
 This nobody can deny.

An Officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,  
 To his coat on the left, my lord's honour's confir'd,  
 And many brave lords wear their honour behind.  
 This nobody can deny.

Both fidler and baud live on dupes recreation,  
 Both statesman and centinel live on the nation,  
 Tom t—d—man and doctor both live by purgation.  
 This nobody can deny.

SONG XCVI.



SONG XCVI. *Ge ho Dobbin.*

**A**S I was a driving my waggon one day  
 I met a young damsel tight buxom and gay,  
**I** kindly accosted her with a low bow,  
 And I felt my whole body I cannot tell how,  
 Ge ho Dobin, hi ho Dobin, ge ho Dobin, ge ho ge ho,  
 I long'd to be at her and gave her a kifs,  
 She thought me but civil, nor took it amifs;  
 I knew no recalling the minutes were past,  
 So began to make hay while the sun-shine did last.  
Ge ho Dobin &c.

I've six score of sheep, and each ram has his ewe,  
 And my cows when they lack, to the parson's bull go;  
 We're made for each other, so prithee comply;  
 She blush'd, her eyes twinkled, she could not tell why.  
 Ah poor Jenny, fearful Jenny, ah poor Jenny, hi ho.  
 I kifs'd her again, she reply'd with disdain,  
 No kisses I want prithee take them again;  
 Then whisper'd me softly the weather was hot,  
 And her mind ran on something, she could not tell  
what,

Ah poor Jenny, coaxing Jenny, ah poor Jenny, hi ho.  
 Then down in my waggon this damsel I laid,  
 But still I kept driving, for driving's my trade;  
 I rumbled her feathers and tickled her scutt,  
 And play'd the round rubbers at two-handed put.  
 Well put Rodger, well put Jenny, well put Rodger, hi ho.  
 Her breasts were as soft and as white as new cream,  
 And her motion kept time with the bells of my team;  
 When her bub—s went up her plumb but—s went  
down, (round.

And the wheels seem'd to stand and the waggon ga  
 Ah brave Roger, drive on Roger, ah brave Roger,  
hi ho.

Thus to and again to our pastime we went,  
 And my cards I play'd fairly to Jenny's content;  
 I work'd at her pump till the sucker grew dry,  
 And then I left pumping, a good reason why.  
 Ah poor Roger, broken back'd Roger, ge ho Roger hi ho

I thought e'er we parted to'ave had t'other blow,  
 When flap went the waggon-wheel into a slough,  
 Which shatter'd her premisses out of repair,  
 Then Roger's pump-handlerun the devil knows where  
 Ah poor Roger, flimsy Roger, ah poor Roger, hi ho.

## SONG XCVII.

The DUST-CART, a favourite CANTATA.  
*Sung in the Old Woman's Oratory in the Hay-market, in  
 the Manner of the Moderns. Set by Mr. OSWALD.*

*Recitative.*

**A**S tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,  
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;  
 In dust cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,  
 With the rich cynders round her lovely waist;  
 Tom, with up-lifted hands th' occasion blest,  
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

*Air.*

Oh Sylvia, while you drive your carts,  
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,  
 You take our dust and steal our hearts.  
 That mine is gone, alas! is true,  
 And dwells among the dust with you,  
 And dwells among the dust with you.  
 Oh lovely Sylvia ease my pain,  
 Give me the heart you stole again,  
 Give me my heart out of your cart,  
 Give me the heart you stole again.

*Recitative.*

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,  
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about,  
 She heav'd her swelling breast as black as sloe,  
 And look'd disdain on little folks below;  
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,  
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

*Air.*

Shall I, who ride above the rest,  
 Be by a paltry croud oppress'd?

Ambition

Ambition now my soul does fire,  
 The youths shall languish and admire;  
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride, in  
     my dust cart,  
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

## SONG XCVIII.

The BACCHANALIANS.

*Sung by Mr. Howard, at the Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden.*

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth,  
 Whence jollity springs, and contentment has  
     birth;

What mortals so happy as we who combine,  
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine:  
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown,  
 And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall down:  
 At acts of repeals we disdain to repine,  
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine;  
 To Cæsar, and Bacchus, our tribute is due,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Cho. To Cæsar, &c.

His worship so grave here may revel and roar,  
 The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before,  
 The parson here stript of his priesthood's disguise,  
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;  
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,  
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Cho. The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,  
 We seldom breast necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;  
     If

If wars rise among us they soon again cease,  
 One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:  
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,  
 Then glafs after glafs, my boys, let us pursue,  
 Cho. 'Tis this way, &c.

## SONG XCIX.

**VULCAN**, contrive me such a cup,  
 As Nester us'd of old ;  
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,  
 Shew all, &c.  
 And damask it round with gold,  
 And damask. &c.

Make it so large, when fill'd with sack,  
 Up to the swelling brim ;  
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,  
 Like ships at sea may swim.

Carve thou thereon, a fruitful wine,  
 Between two lovely boys ;  
 Their arms in am'rous folds entwine,  
 The type of future joys.

Bacchus and Cupid my Gods are,  
 Let love and wine still reign ;  
 With wine I'll drive all away care,  
 And then to my love again.

## SONG C.

For the Honour of OLD ENGLAND.

**T**HE Russ loves brandy, Dutchman beer,  
 The Indian rum most mighty :  
 The Welchman sweet metheglin quaffs,  
 The Irish aqua vitæ.

The French extol the Orleans grape,  
 The Spaniard tipples sherry :

The

The English none of these escape,  
For they with all make merry.

The Spaniard's constant to his plume,  
The French inconstant ever;  
But for the best *old bats* of all,  
Give me your English beaver.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth,  
Some great, and others small things:  
But, oh! your liquorish Englishmen,  
They love to deal in all things.

The Italian with her Syren voice,  
Scotch lasses, and Holland frow too;  
The Spanish ruff, the French madam,  
They will not fear to go to.

Nothing's so strange or dire they dread,  
Tho' lodg'd within the centre;  
No fashion, health, no wine or wench,  
On which they will not venture.

# SONG CI.

BETSY of GUILFORD.

**T**HE infant spring was smiling,  
And cowslips fresh and gay;  
The sun was just declining,  
To bury in the sea:  
As over Guilford-style I pass,  
To view a prospect there,  
A lovely lass sat on the grass,  
Whose breath perfum'd the air)

No more let fame advance,  
In London Jenny's praise;  
For pretty Betsy of Guilford,  
Excels her a thousand Ways:  
For grace, for shape, for air, for mien,  
Her lovely eyes and smile;

Her

Her charming waist for to embrace,  
A king would give an isle.

The courtier for her favour,  
Wou'd quit his golden dreams ;  
The Jacobite for ever,  
Wou'd surely leave king James ;  
The lusty judge whom the circuits trudge,  
In managing trials so fair,  
Would wrest the laws, postpone the cause,  
To have but the rummaging her.

The gen'ral would leave bombing,  
Of towns in hot campaigns ;  
The bishop would leave thumping,  
Nor plague his learned brains ;  
The one would mock the other's flock,  
A fig for religion and France :  
One slight his wars the other his pray'rs,  
If Betsey wou'd give but a glance.

The powder'd play-house ninney,  
Whose brains are light as air,  
Would quit both Sukey and Jenny,  
And all such tawd'ry ware :  
If Betsey you see lay under a tree,  
With all her enticing charms,  
You'd soon forget the town coquet,  
And fly to Betsey's arms.  
And fly, &c.

## SONG CII.

**W**HITHER Bacchus wouldst thou bear me ?  
To what grot, or hallow'd grove ?  
Say, what sacred cave shall hear me  
Sing great Cæsar, son of Jove :

Where enraptur'd shall I raise him,  
To the synod of the sky ?



In unrival'd songs I'll praise him,  
High as mortal strains may fly.

Full of thy inspiring potion,  
Glowing with a new-born fire ;  
All my soul in wild commotion,  
Louder notes shall wake my lyre.

Thus amaz'd on airy mountains,  
Rous'd from rest thy vot'ries glow,  
Viewing Hebrus' fabled fountains,  
Thracia clad in shining snow.

How it's solemn prospects please me,  
Wand'ring o'er the silent grove !  
What extatic transports seize me,  
While on pathless rocks I rove.

Hear me, Bacchus, pow'r victorious  
O'er the fierce lymphatic train ;  
Nothing groveling, or inglorious  
Shall my sacred song profane.

Tho' th' advent'rous theme alarm thee,  
Still, my muse, be blithe and gay ;  
Let the thought of danger warm thee,  
Vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way.

### SONG CIII.

BACCHUS Triumphant ; or, the Lover's Adieu to  
the Fair Sex.

**T**O Phillis and Chloe, and all the gay throng,  
Too long the soft lay has been rais'd ;  
Too long their beauty has flow'd the vain song,  
Too long has their beauty been prais'd.  
Great Bacchus, repentant, thy pardon I ask,  
Forgiveness I humbly implore ;  
And if e'er for a female I quit a full cask,  
May I never enjoy one drop more,—great god.  
May I never, &c.

Ye

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own,  
 To sing all the charms of the fair;  
 Their beauties to praise, is your province alone,  
 Alone make their beauties your care:  
 For who in his senses that mortal can blame,  
 Who strives his own merit to raise;  
 For women and fops are so nearly the same,  
 Its in theirs that he sings his own praise.  
sweet mis,

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females possess,  
 Tho' kindness may add to their store;  
 Good-nature and smiles has a bumper no less,  
 And sparkles a hundred times more:  
 With virtue unfully'd, adorn'd tho' she be,  
 Tho' modesty blooms in each feature,  
 A bottle is not more immodest than she,  
 Its virtue's ten thousand times greater,  
dear boys,

Their beauty attracting, I freely confess,  
 Their sex I must own has its charms;  
 I own for a moment they're able to bless,  
 And melt us away in their arms:  
 Yet lasting the pain is and transient the joy,  
 The raptures are instantly past;  
 But wine, happy juice! is sure never to cloy,  
 Its pleasures 'till doom's-day shall last,  
brave souls.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adieu,  
 All thoughts of the sex I resign;  
 I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,  
 And yield me eternally thine;  
 And if ever, great master, thy colours I fly,  
 Or e'er like a lover I pine,  
 May, greatest of curses! my hoghead run dry,  
 Nor more be replenish'd with wine, — blest wine,  
 Nor more, &c.

SONG

## SONG CIV.

*The FAREWELL.*

**I**Mperious love, whose secret fire  
 Long time has prey'd upon my breast,  
 Each wish presents, each vain desire,  
 In fancy's gaudiest colours dress'd :

But stern impartial reason cries,  
 Thy self-deceiving hopes resign ;  
 Deluded wretch ! suppress my sighs,  
 Nor dare in secret thought repine.

Thou artless fair one, mistress, friend,  
 Thou first and best lov'd, farewell !  
 What griefs my heart at parting rend,  
 Let tears and broken murmurs tell.

With thee I hop'd, ah flattering dream !  
 To taste the sweets that never cloy ;  
 But fate o'erturn'd each airy scheme  
 Of social peace, and guiltless joy.

O come, religion, to my aid,  
 And sooth my anguish'd soul to rest ;  
 Bid me forget the lovely maid,  
 Bid me forget I once was blest.

Farewell, thy sex's noblest pride !  
 O may my happy rival's love,  
 Crown'd with success to mine deny'd,  
 Like mine sincere and constant prove.

Why weep for me ? At heav'n's command  
 Soon shall I sink to soft repose,  
 And soon shall death with pitying hand  
 This scene of grief and folly close.

No more, with silent pleasure fir'd,  
 These eyes upon thy charms shall gaze,  
 Nor more my tongue, by love inspir'd,  
 Delightful task! thy virtues praise.

## SONG CV.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD at Ranelagh.*

**Y**E bells, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
 Who trip in this frolicksome round;  
 Prithce tell me from whence this indecency springs,  
 The sexes at once to confound.  
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,  
 With each motion design'd to perplex?  
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
 And softness the test of your sex,  
 Dear girls, and softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,  
 May call ev'ry art to her aid,  
 The bosom display'd and the petticoat short,  
 Are samples she gives of her trade.  
 But those on whom fortune indulgently smiles,  
 And whom pride as preserv'd from the snare,  
 Should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,  
 Not with open and insolent air,  
 Brave girls, and with, &c.

Then Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,  
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artists design'd,  
 To serve as a model for you.  
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,  
 Nor venture too much to reveal,  
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
 And double each charm you conceal,  
 Sweet girls, believe me, &c.

The

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of may,  
 Are charms which no art can procure,  
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,  
 And your empire is solid and sure :  
 But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,  
 And put us in fear of our lives,  
 You may do very well so for sisters and aunts,  
 But believe me you'll never be wives,  
 Poor girls, believe me, &c.

## SONG CVI.

*Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.*

WHEN Damon first my eyes beheld,  
 My heart with secret transport thrill'd,  
 And pit-a-pat it went :  
 Young, artless, innocent, and shy,  
 So unexperienc'd was I,  
 I wonder'd what he meant.

Whene'er I met him on the plain,  
 He'd kiss me, sigh'd, and kiss again,  
 And sweetest tales invent :  
 And then he'd tell me he must die ;  
 But, as I saw no danger nigh,  
 I wonder'd what he meant.

To nymphs, whom years had wiser made,  
 I told the tender things he said,  
 And of his sad complaint :  
 Full well the tender things they knew,  
 For they, like me, had heard them too,  
 Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They answer'd, love had touch'd my heart ;  
 That Damon, by his sex's art,  
 Might cause me to repent :  
 And that I should desire the swain  
 To tell me, when we met again,  
 If he to wed me meant.

*Rejoic'd*

Rejoic'd such good advice to find,  
 I tripp'd, to let him know my mind,  
     Across the mead intent :  
 I told him, did he not design  
 With me in Hymen's bands to join,  
     I wonder'd what he meant.

The youth, whose love was aw'd by fear,  
 Grew raptur'd such sweet sounds to hear ;  
     Straight to the church we went.—  
 How wise we all by marriage grow !  
 Tho' foolish once, yet now I know,  
     I know what Damon meant.

## SONG CVII.

NEAR the side of a pond at the foot of hill,  
     A free hearted fellow attends on his mill :  
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosey hue o'er his face,  
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace,  
 Bestower'd with his meal does he labour and sing,  
 And regaling at night he's as blest as a king.  
 After heartily eating he takes a full swill,  
 Of liquor home brew'd, to success of his mill.

He makes no nice scruple of toil for his trade,  
 For that's an excise to his industry paid ;  
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,  
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year ;  
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,  
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :  
 He hates your proud place-men, and do what they will  
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,  
 And hopes that our statesmen, do all for the best ;  
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,  
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid ;  
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,  
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace ;

Tho'



The old England he knows may have strength and  
have skill,  
To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,  
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,  
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,  
Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay ;  
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,  
That his country may ever be happy and free ;  
With his hand and his heart to king George does he fill,  
And may all loyal souls act the man of the mill.

### SONG CVIII.

#### The UNEXPECTED REVENGE.

**I** Never lov'd but one fair maid,  
And she did prove untrue ;  
Untrue to him who to her paid,  
More love than was her due.  
More love, &c.

Her wand'ring heart and faithless eyes,  
Made many a shepherd weep ;  
While all of them sought for the prize,  
Which none of them cou'd keep.

Ah ! since 'tis so ye gods, said I,  
Ye righteous pow'rs above,  
Revenge on her my misery,  
My true but slighted love.

May she know what it is to love,  
And fix her wand'ring heart  
On one who will unconstant prove,  
And let her feel the smart.

So may she love as she made me,  
And find the same disdain ;  
Since she was pleas'd with cruelty,  
Now may she feel the pain.

### SONG CIX.

## SONG CIX.

**D**E'll take the wars that hurried Billy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn;  
 They made him captain sure to undo me,  
 Woe's me he'll ne'er return.  
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run:  
 Day and night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from sword and gun,  
     I us'd alluring graces,  
     With muckle kind embraces,  
 Now fighting, than crying, tears dropping fall;  
     And had he my soft arms  
     Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
 By love grown mad, without the man of gad,  
     I fear in my fit I had granted all.  
  
 I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;  
     Snares that they told me would catch the Men,  
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,  
     Which made me shew as tall again;  
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,  
     Which with golden flowers did shine;  
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
     No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.  
  
     My petticoat I spotted,  
     Fring'd too with thread and knott'd,  
 Lace shoes, silk-hose, garter full over the knee;  
     But oh! the fatal thought!  
     To Billy these are nought;  
 Who rode to towns, and risled with Dragoons,  
     When he, silly Loone, might have plunder'd me,

## SONG CX.

## HOOLY and FAIRLEY.

**O**H! what had I to do for to marry,  
 My wife drinks nothing but sack and canary;

I to her friends complain'd right early,  
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

*Hooley and fairly.*

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

First she drank crummie, and syne she drank garie,  
Now she has drunken my bonny grey marie,  
That carry'd me thro' the dub and the larie,

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

She drunken her stockings, fae has she her shoon,  
She has drunken away her bonney new gawn,  
She's drunken her sark that cover'd her airly,

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

If she'd drink but her ain things I wan na much care,  
She drinks my claiths I canna well spare ;  
To the kirk and the market Ise gang for barley.

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

My sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,  
The best blue bonnet e'er was o' my head,  
When I'm with my gossips it angers me fairly,

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

The very grey mittens that gaid o' my hands,  
To her neighbours wife she had laid them in pawn,  
My bone-headed staff that I loved so dearly,

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

If there's any filler she maun keep the purse,  
If I seek but a baubie, she'll scald and will curse,  
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpit and sparely,

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

I never was given to wrangling or strife,  
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life,  
Ere it come to a war I am aw' for a parley.

*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly*

A pint with the cummers I wad her allow,  
But when she sats down, she fills her sel sow,

And

And when she is fow, she is unko Camsterie,  
*O gin my wife wad drink booley and fairly.*

She rins not to the caufy, she raves and she rants,  
 Has nae dread of her neighbours, nor minds the  
 house wants,  
 Roars some foolish lilt, *Take up thy heart Charlie.*  
*O gin my wife wad drink booley and fairly.*

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,  
 She calls the lasses both limmers and jades,  
 And I my ain fel a poor auld cuckold carly.  
*O gin my wife wad drink booley and fairly.*

SONG CXI. *Woo'd and Marry'd and aw.*

**T**HE bride came fra the barn,  
 And she was dighting her cheeks,  
 How can I be marry'd to-day,  
 That hath neither blankets nor sheets;  
 That hath neither blankets nor sheets,  
 And wants a covering too.  
 'The bride that has a' things to borrow,  
 Has e'en right muckle to do.

*Woo'd and marry'd and a'  
 Marry'd and woo'd and a'  
 And was she not very well off,  
 That was woo'd and marry'd and a'.*

What's the matter, quoth Wolley?  
 Though we be scarce of claiths,  
 We'll creep the closer together,  
 And fley away the fleas.  
 The summer is coming on,  
 And we'll get puckles of woo',  
 We'll fee a lafs of our ain,  
 And she'll spin blankets enough.  
*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

O then speak the bride's mother,  
 De'il flick of a' this pride,

I had not a plack in my pocket,  
 The day that I was a bride.  
 My gown was linsley-woolsey,  
 And never a sark at a',  
 And you have gowns and buskins,  
 Mair than one or twa.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then spake the bride's father,  
 As he came fra the plough,  
 Hold your tongue, my daughter,  
 And you'se get geir enough.  
 The stirk that gangs in the tether,  
 And our braw bassen'd yade,  
 To load your corn in harvest,  
 What wad ye ha' more you jade?

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then in came the bride's brother,  
 As he came from the kye,  
 O Woolley wou'd ne'er have had you,  
 If he had known you as well as I:  
 For you're both proud and saucy,  
 Not fit for a poor man's wife,  
 If I've ne'er a better than you,  
 I'll never have yan in my life.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*

Then spake the bride's sister,  
 As she sat by the fire,  
 O gin I were marry'd to-night,  
 No mare that I desire:  
 But I, poor girl, must live single,  
 And do the best I can,  
 I did n't care what come o' me,  
 So I had but a good-man.

*Woo'd and marry'd, &c.*



## SONG CXII.

**B**lythe Colin's blest art,  
 Has bewitch'd my young heart,  
 And trust me there's place for none other ;  
     Shoul'd he once cease to woo,  
     What must scorn'd Molly do ?  
 For there's not in the world such another,  
 There's not in the world such another.

    No lad on the plain,  
     Sure can pipe like my swain,  
 So sweetly can carol no other,  
     Oh ! how oft in the vale,  
     Have I heard his soft tale,  
 And by moon-light he'll tell me another.

    Wit, beauty and truth,  
     All bedeck the dear youth,  
 And persuade me my love not to smother,  
     He has riches in store,  
     Yet he courts me tho' poor,  
 Nay he swears that he doats on no other.

    Shou'd he chance to proclaim,  
     To the shepherds his flame,  
 They'll envy and make a great pother ;  
     Let the nymphs praise or rail,  
     All their malice will fail,  
 In spite I will think of no other.

    To the church on the brow,  
     Once he pointed I vow,  
 Then with kisses me almost did smother ;  
     Not a word cou'd I say,  
     But I long for the day,  
 Oh ! he'll marry me one time or other.

SONG CXIII.



SONG CXIII. *A Scotch Ballad.*

**A**LL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,  
 Young Jockey won my heart ;  
 None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,  
 None sung with so much art :  
 His skillful tale  
 Did soon prevail,  
 To make me fondly love him ;  
 But now he hies,  
 Nor heeds my cries ;  
 I wou'd I ne'er had seen him !  
 I wou'd I ne'er had seen him !

When first we met, the bonny swain  
 Of nought but love cou'd say ;  
 Oh give, he cry'd, my heart again :  
 You've stole my heart away :  
 Or else incline  
 To give me thine,  
 And I'll together join 'em :  
 My faithful heart,  
 Will never part :  
 Ah ! why did I believe him !

Not now my slighted face he knows,  
 His soon forgotten dear ;  
 To wealthier lads o'erjoy'd he goes,  
 To breath his falsehood there.  
 Mistaken Kate,  
 The swain's a cheat,  
 Not for a moment trust him :  
 For shining gold  
 He's bought and sold :  
 I wou'd I had not seen him !

Then all ye maidens fly the swain,  
 His wily stories shun,  
 Else you like me must soon complain,  
 Like me will be undone.  
 But peace my breast,  
 Nor break thy rest,

I'll try clean to forget him ;  
 I soon shall see  
 As good as he  
 I wish I ne'er had seen him !

## SONG CXIV.

**T**HE sun beam'd forth intensely bright,  
 Exulting in meridian light ;  
 When blooming Sylvia sought the bow'r,  
 To pass in shade the noon-tide hour :  
 To pass in shade the noon-tide hour :  
 It chanc'd that I too wander'd there,  
 And when reclin'd I saw the fair,  
 Cou'd I leave her, cou'd I leave her,  
 Think lovers cou'd I leave her.

Oh, goddess of my soul, I cry'd,  
 See nature smiles in genial pride !  
 The feather'd poets sing and bill,  
 But sweeter Sylvia's cruel still ;  
 To gentler use thy charms employ,  
 The voice of love invites to joy.  
 I'll ne'er leave thee, I'll ne'er leave thee,  
 Dear Sylvia I'll ne'er leave thee.

Canst thou, she answer'd, brand the name  
 Of love, to grace thy sensual flame ?  
 True passion hopes sublimer joys,  
 And never whom it loves destroys ;  
 And beauty only looks divine  
 When virtue gives it light to shine.  
 Hasten and leave me, hasten and leave me,  
 Deceiver hasten and leave me.

With all successful knowledge told  
 Wou'd melt the kind, and warm the cold,  
 I strove her doctrine to confute ;  
 But fortitude was absolute :  
 Some magic dwelt in all she said,  
 And still was this injunction laid ;  
 Hasten and leave me, hasten and leave me,  
 Thou rover ! hasten and leave me.

At length convicted, self-condemn'd,  
 I lov'd that pow'r I once contemn'd ;  
 Compell'd to own against my will  
 That chastity's in woman still.  
 From folly's maze I now depart,  
 And Sylvia so endears my heart  
 'Twill ne'er leave her, 'twill ne'er leave her,  
 My heart will never leave her.

## SONG CXV.

**I** Am a young virgin that oft has been told,  
 I should try to get marry'd before I'm too old :  
 I took their advice and got one in my eye,  
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die,  
 Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young Thyrsis is witty well-featur'd and tall,  
 His fellow swains own that he out-does 'em all :  
 When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,  
 I thought I was going that moment to die, &c.

If through the recesses of yon silent grove,  
 Or over the meadows I happen to rove,  
 And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by,  
 I trembled all o'er, and am ready to die, &c.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins around,  
 I fly to the place, where I hear the blest sound :  
 Oh ! Thyrsis sweet youth, to myself then I cry,  
 I'd listen to thee, were I going to die, &c.

Last saturday eve, I remember the day,  
 I caught him saluting Clarinda the gay ;  
 That I envy'd each kiss, I will not deny,  
 And fervently pray'd that my rival might die, &c.

Come Hymen and lend a young virgin your aid,  
 Who without your assistance must die an old maid ;  
 To all my fond wishes, make Thyrsis comply,  
 And if I don't have him I wish I may die.  
 And if I don't have him I wish I may die.

## SONG CXVI.

## SONG CXVI.

*The FAIR PROTESTER.*

NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,  
 No swain to me so dear ;  
 'Twas rapture all the live-long day,  
 His song, his pipe to hear.  
 Yet when he sigh'd and talk'd of love,  
 His passion I'd forbid ;  
 For what I felt to hide I strove,——  
 Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,  
 And all looks life and joy ;  
 The summer's sun saw Strephon's truth,  
 Saw Chloe still was coy.  
 At length he vow'd, " Thou cruel fair,  
 " Disdain my heart has freed,"  
 He spoke and left me in despair,——  
 Upon my word he did.

How sad how penitent was I !  
 My pride had caus'd my pain ;  
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,  
 " Oh Strephon, come again !"   
 It chanc'd he sought a tender lamb,  
 That in the grove lay hid ;  
 When thoughtless there I breath'd his name,——  
 Upon my word I did.

Surpriz'd my well known voice to hear,  
 In sounds of soft delight,  
 With eager steps the youth drew near,  
 And met my raptur'd fight :  
 No pow'r had I, all art was vain,  
 Of Strephon to get rid ;  
 My panting heart confess'd the swain,——  
 Upon my word it did.

Oh, nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet  
 My soul with joy o'erflows !

The

The bee that roves from sweet to sweet,  
 Like me prefers the rose!  
 Ye maids, with whom I've tript the plain,  
 Let other youths succeed;  
 My Chloe welcom'd me again,——  
 Upon my word she did.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,  
 My hand with warmth he press'd;  
 Oh, speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,  
 Shall Strephon now be blest?  
 Oh, who that lov'd so well, so long,  
 The shepherd cou'd have chid?  
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue,——  
 Upon my word I did.

## SONG CXVII.

**Y**OUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,  
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;  
 He wants to be with me, wherever I go:  
 The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so!

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,  
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;  
 I bid him depart, but he smiling says no:  
 The duce must be in him for plaguing me so!

He often requests me his pain to relieve;  
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive;  
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow:  
 What mortal besides him would plague a maid so!

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the  
 wake,  
 He softly intreated I'd wear for his sake:  
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,  
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so!

He hands me each eve to the cot from the plain,  
 He meets me each morn to conduct me again:  
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,  
 For I'd rather be married than plagu'd with him so.

## SONG CXVIII.

## [SONG CXVIII.]

**Y**OUNG Colin fought my heart to gain,  
     The shepherd lost in love ;  
 Each morn he woo'd me on the plain,  
     Each noon within the grove :  
 Yet my denial still was this,  
     Pshaw man, I can't endure you !  
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,  
     Such rudeness ! I'll assure you !  
     Such rudeness ! I'll assure you !  
  
 For twenty youths (not him alone)  
     The am'rous flame confest ;  
 And had I once been kind to one,  
     I'm sure I'd lost the rest :  
 Beside he us'd no pretty arts,  
     But sagely wou'd allure me ;  
 While others talk'd of flames and darts :  
     'Twas pretty—— I'll assure ye !  
  
 My face, my form, were prais'd aloud,  
     My wit new conquest fir'd ;  
 And 'twas enough to make one proud  
     To be so much admir'd.  
 At length reflection shew'd the fate  
     Such flatt'ry might procure me ;  
 And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,  
     Nor vainly —— I'll assure ye !  
  
 I bade the fighting train depart ;  
     This maxim pleas'd to prove,  
 That flatt'ry fills the sensual heart,  
     But truth the heart of love.  
 Young Colin wont in vain to plead,  
     Of vanity to cure me ;  
 Now woo'd again, and now indeed,  
     I lov'd him——I'll assure ye !  
  
 I blam'd myself such scorn to bear  
     To merit now so clear ;



By my example learn ye fair,  
 To prize the youth sincere,  
 We instant join'd the nuptial tie;  
 He raptur'd to ensnare me:  
 And trust me, damsels, when you try  
 'Twill charm ye—I'll assure ye!  
 'Twill charm ye—I'll assure ye!

## SONG CXIX.

*Recitative.*

SOME courtly youth whom love inspires,  
 May sing of flames and soft desires;  
 Or string Apollo's tuneful lyre,  
 To move in melting strain;  
 But I Parnassus ne'er have seen,  
 The god of love or Cyprian queen;  
 I know not what those fancies mean,  
 A poor and homely swain.

*Air.*

I know that I went to the fair,  
 I know that I went to the fair,  
 The miller's daughter Moll was there;  
 Her beauty made me gape and stare;  
 A woeful sight for John:  
 I fell in love upon the place,  
 I told her my unhappy case;  
 Yet still she turn'd away her face,  
 And bid me get me gone,  
 And bid me, &c.

My heart went bumping in my breast,  
 I broke a score of ribs at least;  
 The live-long day I took no rest,  
 Nor clos'd my eyes at night:  
 I am so bad at times that I,  
 For aught I know may come to dye,  
 If she keeps on her cruelty;  
 I am in doleful plight,  
 I am, &c.

SONG CXX.

SONG CXX. *Sylvia's Smicket.*

SPinsters divine, ye muses nine,  
 Teach me to sing like a cricket,  
 Nor deem me bold, while I unfold  
 The charms of Sylvia's smicket.

Her needle darts quite through my heart's  
 Core—with the pain how sick it !  
 I feel it twitch at ev'ry stitch,  
 That's set in Sylvia's smicket.

Those threads so fine and slender twine,  
 (Than smallest hairs less thick it,)  
 Restless prove, the links of love,  
 That tye me to her smicket.

But oh ! the thimble on her nimble  
 Neat finger, lest she prick it !  
 O could it yield as firm a shield,  
 To save me from her smicket.

So nice, so neat, and so compleat,  
 (With tears alas ! I speak it)  
 Must it be torn, to rags be worn,  
 Like any common smicket.

To burn for tinder, some dirty Cinder-  
 Wench will to pieces pick it—  
 Like me each match the flame shall catch,  
 And kindle at her smicket.

Its snow-white hue it may renew  
 In paper, card, or ticket  
 And I, fond swain, may tell my pain  
 To Sylvia on her smicket.

To hunt the hare be others care,  
 And beat the field or thicket ;  
 A sweeter game shall be my aim,  
 That burrows in her smicket.

In damask fine let others shine,  
 (The moment could I nick it)  
 I'd rather press—a fig for dress—  
 My Sylvia in her smicket.

But should she frown, in pond I'll drown,  
 Or hang me at her wicket—  
 Then, maiden proud, instead of shroud  
 O wrap me in your smicket.

## SONG CXXI.

**T**HIS world is a stage,  
 On which mankind engage,  
 And each acts his part in a throng :  
 But all is confusion,  
 Meer folly, delusion,  
 And faith nothing else but a song ;  
 A song, a song,  
 And faith nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,  
 Says your soul he will save,  
 And point the right way from the wrong,  
 After piously teaching,  
 And long-winded preaching,  
 He puts off his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills,  
 You with bolus and pills,  
 With assurance to make you live long ;  
 But believe me 'tis true,  
 The guinea's in view,  
 And the rest is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold,  
 His lancet doth hold,  
 And slashes your body along ;  
 Small wounds he enlarges,  
 To swell up your charges,  
 His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The

The soldier he rattles,  
 Of sieges and battles,  
 And actions that he's been among;  
 His preferment and spirit,  
 Are both like his merit,  
 You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,  
 See the clouds how they rise,  
 Up aloft my brisk lads it blows strong;  
 Boy make us some flip,  
 And I'll warrant the ship,  
 Will soon reach her port is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,  
 The lawyer he scribbles,  
 And moves his mellifluous tongue;  
 'Twixt demur and vacation,  
 He'll raise expectation,  
 Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent,  
 On his twenty per cent,  
 To him journal and leidger belong;  
 Commission with charges,  
 His profit enlarges,  
 'Till his ballance may end in a song, &c.

With powder and lace,  
 And effeminate face,  
 The gay fop behold strutting along;  
 Just arriv'd from his travels,  
 At nothing he levels,  
 But just at a dance and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,  
 She's all in a fret,  
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong;  
 The whole day she will pass,  
 To consult her dear glass,  
 And at night die away with a song, &c.

The surly old prude,  
 She will say you are rude,  
 For the bliss tho' she secretly long ;  
 But take her aside,  
 You may manage her pride,  
 And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.  
 The courtier he smiles,  
 At the time he beguiles,  
 And feeds you with promises long ;  
 He squeezes your hand,  
 And calls you his friend,  
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song, &c.  
 Then let us be jolly,  
 Drive hence melancholly,  
 Since we are brave fellows among ;  
 Taste life as it passes,  
 And fill up our glasses,  
 And each honest blade sing a song,  
 A song, a song,  
 And each honest blade sing a song.

SONG CXXII. *Matrimonial Deafness*

**T**WO ears at a time are two many for use,  
 When they're only the inlet of strife,  
 But few they are found who, tho' wise, would refuse  
 To possess the fair organs of life :  
 Yet deafness sometimes of advantage is found,  
 Misfortunes may turn to a blessing ;  
 For when nonsense distracts, or when tumults surround  
 They then lose the power of distressing.  
 Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one ear,  
 While the other for use I employ,  
 One gate I shut up against trouble and care,  
 And the other keep open for joy ;  
 When my consort begins her loud windpipe to clear,  
 With a peal would the world rend asunder,  
 Serenely I sit and I cock my deaf ear,  
 Unmov'd 'midst the roar of the thunder.

T'other day comes a dun, with good fir! you well  
know :

What say you ? speak louder a little ;  
You know, fir, you borrow'd threetwelve months ago,  
Alas ! friend, I can't hear a tittle,  
You owe me ten pounds, then louder he cries,  
And repeats it as strong as he can ;  
I point to my ears, and I lift up my eyes,  
'Till he hardly can think me the man.

I, as grave as a don, cry,—My hearing's quite lost ;  
And my money, says he, too, I fear :  
Pox on him, 'tis folly to talk to a post,  
So he leaves me as mad as a hare.  
Thus my life night and day in soft indolence flows,  
Scolding, dunning, nor brawling I fear :  
Ye married men all, as ye wish for repose,  
Be sure to be deaf of one ear.

### SONG CXXIII.

**Y**E nymphs who preside o'er the musical throng,  
O aid me a while, and inspire my song ;  
On a theme which nor Horace, nor Homer of yore,  
Or the rest of the bards, e'er your aid did implore.

'Tis ringing's my theme, of dear ringing I sing,  
Britannia's own art, for no people else ring :  
Could my verses but equal the theme of my song,  
All musick should yield to the merry ding-dong.

Tho' some in the notes of a fiddle delight,  
And with a dull crowder will frisk all the night ;  
Such capering fots are unworthy my song  
Compar'd with the musical, merry ding-dong.

Let the beau to Vauxhall with impatience repair  
To hear Stephenson sing, and at cascades to stare ;  
Such squeaking, and rumbling, may suit the gay  
throng,  
But are trifling compar'd with the lofty ding-dong.



Æsculap'us's sons, those grave sages of art,  
 Brisk action prescribe as the balm of the heart ;  
 If so, what more fitting our lives to prolong,  
 Than to bome in the lofty, the merry ding-dong.

When the parson the conjugal harness has ty'd,  
 And hamper'd in wedlock, the bridegroom and bride ;  
 Tho' nought but grim death can divide the tough  
     thong,  
 'Twill wear roughly (they say) unless smooth'd with  
     ding-dong.

In war's cruel strife should our conquering fleet,  
 Those peace-breaking villians, the Frenchmen defeat ;  
 Nor hautboys, nor fiddles, nor flutes will avail,  
     is the merry tun'd bells must declare the glad tale.

On the birth-days, when nought but brisk joy's  
     to be found,  
 Tho' cannons, and trumpets, and kettle drums sound ;  
 Our mirth is imperfect as C—b—r's trite song,  
 'Till clos'd in the ev'ning with merry ding-dong.

Come fill me a glass, fill it high brother string,  
 A bumper I'll drink, for my toast is the king ;  
 May his majesty's reign be auspicious and long,  
 And his race never fail, while the bells say ding-dong.

#### SONG CXXIV.

I Heard much talk of Oxford town,  
     And fain I wou'd go thither ;  
 When ploughing and sowing, that was done,  
     It being gallant weather.  
 Father he did to't agree,  
     That Nell and I shou'd go :  
 But mother cry'd, that we shou'd ride,  
     So we had Dobbin too.

So I goes unto sister Nell,  
     And bids her make her ready ;  
 And put on all her zundy cloaths,  
     A fine as any lady :

'Tis a gallant day ; the morning's grey,  
 And likely to be fair ;  
 Therefore make haste, and soon be lac'd,  
 And I'll go baite the mare.

So upon the mare we got,  
 And away we rid together ;  
 And ev'ry body as we met,  
 We ask'd how far 'twas thither.  
 Till at the last, when on the top  
 Of Chisfielden hill we ris ;  
 I somewhat spy'd, like steeples ; and cry'd,  
 Zooks, Nell, look, yonder 'tis.

So when as nearer to't we came,  
 We see folks, infant thick ;  
 I heard a little bastard zay,  
 Look, here comes country Dick.  
 Another bastard call'd me Ralph,  
 And how is't, honest Joan ?  
 Nay Roger too, and little Sue ;  
 And all the folks at home.

So we rode on and nothing said,  
 But looked for an alehouse ;  
 At last we zee a hugeous sign,  
 As big as any gallows ;  
 It was two dogs ; so in we rode,  
 And call'd for the hostler :  
 Out came a lusty fellow then,  
 I wa'an'd he was a wrofler.

Here take this horse, and set'en up ;  
 And ge'en a lock of hay ;  
 For we be come to zee the town,  
 And tarry here all day.  
 Yes, sir, he said ; and call'd the maid,  
 That stood within the entry ;  
 She had us into a room as clean,  
 As tho' we'd both been gentry.

So

So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch  
 A flaggon of their beer :  
 But when it come, Nell shook her head,  
 And zed 'twas plaguy dear.  
 Says she to me, if we stay here long,  
 'Twill soon make us go a begging ;  
 For I am sure it cannot be  
 So much as old Martin's flaggon.

So we got up, and away we went  
 To zee the gallant town ;  
 And at the gate we met a man  
 With a pitiful ragged gown :  
 As for his sleeves, I do believe  
 That they were both tore off ;  
 And instead of a hat, he wore a cap,  
 'Twas a trencher cover'd with cloth.

And as we were going along the town,  
 I thote I had found a knife :  
 I stooped down to take it up,  
 But was ne'er so sham'd in my life.  
 For the underfide was all be——t  
 With an arrant christian's t——d :  
 The boys fell a holloeing, an April fool,  
 But I zed ne'er a word.

As we went through a narrow lane  
 One ketch'd fast hold of sifter ;  
 He'd parsons cloaths, and he du'dnt know us ;  
 But fain he wou'd ha' kifs'd her.  
 He was plaguy fine ; but to my mind  
 He look'd much like a wench :  
 I up wi' my stick, and ga'en a lick,  
 I believe, I slit his trencher.

Then we went into a fine place ;  
 And there we went to church :  
 I kneeled down to say my pray'rs  
 And du'dnt think no hurt.  
 In the middle of pray'rs, just up the stairs,  
 Was bagpipes to my thinking ;

And

And the folk below fell a singing too,  
As tho' they'd been a drinking.

I du'dnt like the doings there,  
And zo I took my hat :  
I du'dnt think they wou'd ha' done so,  
In zitch a place as that :

But Nell was for staying till they'd quite done playing  
Because she lik'd the tune ;  
For she was sure, she ne'er did hear  
Old Crundall play't at home.

Then we went into a fine garden,  
All up upon a hill ;  
And just below, a dial did grow  
Much like a waggon wheel :  
But bigger by half, which made me laugh,  
'Twas like a garden knot :  
When the zun shown bright, it went as right  
As our parson's clock.

Then we went out o' that fine place,  
And went into another,  
Which was vorty times as fine  
As any of the other :  
Bless me, our John, quite all along  
There's books piled up like mows !  
Faith Nell, I wish that mother was here,  
If 'twas not for the cows.

And in the middle stood two things  
As round as any ball ;  
They told us 'twas the picture of  
The World, the zea, and all :  
And those that know how to turn 'em right,  
And how to turn 'em round,  
Cou'd tell us what it was a clock,  
In the world under ground.

And many more things they cou'd tell  
That was a'most as strange ;  
As when the sun shou'd set and rise,  
And when the moon shou'd change :

I du'dnt care to stand so near,  
 When all these things I heard ;  
 For I thote in my heart, it was the black art,  
 And I was a little afraid.

The sun being low, then we begun  
 To think of going home ;  
 But one thing more we zaw before  
 We got quite out of town :  
 We went apace ; for being in haste  
 For fear of being benighted ;  
 Two hugeous men stood strutting within,  
 And Nell and I was frightened.

Nell had a colour as red as a rose,  
 And durst not go no funder ;  
 They had bloody weapons in their hands,  
 Stood ready there for murder :  
 So we went back and took our mare,  
 And away come trotting home ;  
 Wi' stories enough to tell father and mother,  
 And little sister Joan.

### SONG CXXV.

#### *Recitative.*

**T**HE chace is o'er, and on the plain,  
 The hounds the lusty stag have slain ;  
 Let the horns with sprightly tone,  
 All our sportive pleasures crown.

#### *Air.*

Of Britons, thus the antient race,  
 With nervous toil pursue the chace ;  
 By no ungenerous thoughts controul'd,  
 Their hearts were honest free and bold,  
 Their hearts were honest free and bold.  
 Of Britons, &c.

Like them again, no slaves to courts,  
 Let Britons still pursue their sports ;  
 Like them again, shall Britons be,

As brave, as honest, and as free,  
 Like them again shall Britons be,  
 As brave, as honest, and as free.

## SONG CXXVI.

**H**OWever some in coaches, or barrows some may  
 beg,

'Tis want that makes the mendicant, and not the  
 wooden leg.

When a begging they do go, do go, do go,  
 When a begging they do go.

'Tis thus by greater poverty, that nobles grow re-  
 nown'd,

For where we want a penny, state beggars want a  
 pound,

And a begging, &c.

Your courtiers beg for honour, — and that's a  
 want indeed,

As many should for honesty, — but will not own  
 their need.

Tho' a begging, &c.

Your vizir begs for subsidies, your partyman for place;  
 Your churchmen for a benefice, — but not a man  
 for grace.

When a begging, &c.

Thus all from Rome to London, are of the begging  
 train,

But we who beg for charity, are those who beg in  
 vain.

Yet a begging we must go, &c.

## SONG CXXVII.

**W**HEN Briton first, at heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sung this strain :

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The



The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Should war, should faction shake thy isle,  
 And sink to poverty and shame ;  
 Heav'n still shall on Britannia smile,  
 Restore her wealth, and raise her name.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 From foreign, from domestic stroke,  
 As the loud blast, that tears thy skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak :  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

How blest the prince, reserv'd by fate,  
 In adverse days to mount thy throne !  
 Renew thy once triumphant state,  
 And on thy grandeur build his own !  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

His race shall long, in times to come,  
 So heav'n ordains, thy sceptre wield ;  
 Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,  
 And be at once thy sword and shield.  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.

#### SONG CXXVIII.

**T**O some petty finner go wheedle and whine,  
 Who knows not the value of orthodox wine ;  
 I am resolv'd I will drink on and die,  
 I am resolv'd, &c.  
 Your advice may be good, but I've no time to spare.  
 Here bring me some wine, I can't possibly bear,  
 For I'll lose not a minute, not I, not I,  
 For I'll lose, &c.

That

That terrible blade Alexander by name,  
 Who makes such a noise in the annals of fame,  
 Owes it all to the juice of the vine ;  
 That he might not lose time, which he ne'er cou'd  
 retrieve,  
 He had always in battle a squire at his sleeve,  
 To supply him each minute with wine.  
 To supply him, &c.

'Twas wine made the universe quake at his nod,  
 For each bumper he drank made him fight like a god ;  
 Such courage did Bacchus inspire :  
 So wide were his conquests, so boundless his rage,  
 That this world for his arms was too narrow a stage,  
 And he long'd to set others on fire,  
 And he long'd, &c.

Poor tottering reason, thou'lt tumble I fear,  
 Down tumble thou sad antichristian to beer,  
 And mirth from thy ruin shall rise ;  
 If wisdom says I must go sober to bed,  
 I vow and protest I'll be deaf, dumb, and dead,  
 If e'er I'll be foolishly wise,  
 If e'er, &c.

## SONG CXXIX.

## LOVE'S BACCHANAL.

LAY that fullen garland by-thee,  
 Keep it for th' Elysian shade ;  
 Take my wreath of lusty ivy,  
 Not of that faint myrtle made.  
 Not of, &c.

When I see thy soul descending,  
 To that cold unfertile plain ;  
 Of sad fools the lake attending,  
 Thou shalt wear this crown again,  
 Thou shalt, &c.

## CHORUS.

Now drink wine, and know the odds,  
 'Twixt that Lethe and the Gods.  
 'Twixt that, &c.

Rouse

Rouse thy dull and drowsy spirits,  
 Here's the soul-reviving streams ;  
 The stupid lovers brain inherits,  
 Nought but vain and empty dreams.  
 Think not thou these dismal trances  
 With our raptures can contend ;  
 The lad that laughs and sings and dances  
 Shall come soonest to his end.

## C H O R U S.

Sadness may some pity move,  
 Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fly then on that cloudy forehead,  
 Ope thou vainly crossed arms :  
 Thou mayest as well call back the buried,  
 As raise love by such like charms.  
 Sacrifice a glass of claret,  
 To each letter of her name ;  
 Gods have oft descended for it,  
 Mortals sure must do the same.

## C H O R U S.

If she comes not at that flood,  
 Sleep will come, and that's as good.

## S O N G CXXX.

AS Jockey was walking one midsummer morn,  
 He sat him down careless beneath a green thorn ;  
 He had not sat long e'er a damsel past by,  
 To whom Jockey sent forth a languishing eye,  
     A languish, a languish, &c.  
 Did you see says the fair-one, a sleek'd brindl'd ram,  
 With two little lambkins trot each by their dam ;  
 If you did gentle shepherd pray tell me which way,  
 The innocent rovers neglectfully stray,  
     The innocent, &c.

He told her he saw them pass hastily by,  
 And make to the copse tho' in faith, 'twas a lye ;  
The

The damsel she curtsy'd and thank'd with a blush,  
 But Jockey stole after and lurk'd in a bush,  
 She search'd then copse o'er, tho' no sheep she cou'd  
 find,

And heartily curs'd the young swain in her mind ;  
 She found she was trick'd, but alas ! silly maid,  
 She knew not the snare was so artfully laid.

The shepherd appear'd, and says he, pretty maid,  
 Thy ewes and thy lamblins have happily stray'd ;  
 Then sprung to her closely, and ravish'd a kiss,  
 But the maiden seem'd coy, and cry'd fye, 'twas amiss,  
 Howe'er as her friends little liberty gave,  
 She left her old Gaffer to trust a young knave ;  
 And now tho' her sheep are all safe in the pen,  
 She visits the copse o'er again and again,  
 She visits, &c.

#### SONG CXXXI.

**H**ARK, Daphne, from the hawthorn bush,  
 The spotted finches sing ;  
 In artless notes the merry thrush  
 Salutes the blooming spring.  
 On verdant bed the violet lies  
 To woo the western gale,  
 While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes  
 Like love-sick virgins pale.

The rill that gushes o'er the shore,  
 Winds murm'ring thro' the glade :  
 So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his mean,  
 To win his clay-cold maid :  
 The golden sun in fresh array  
 Flames forward on the sphere ;  
 Around the May-pole shepherds play  
 To hail the flow'ry year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,  
 Or wander thro' the grove ;  
 There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,  
 The prey of lawless love ?

**Ah !**

Ah! no, she cries, o'er Sylvia's fall  
 Exult not, tho' 'twas just,  
 Dash not the sinner's name with gall,  
 Nor triumph o'er her dust.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,  
 Herself above all fear :  
 When justice stings the guilty heart,  
 She drops the gen'rous tear.  
 Then own, ye nymphs, this God-like truth  
 Is on your hearts impress'd ;  
 On brightest patterns form your youth,  
 And be for ever blest.

## SONG CXXXII.

LOVE thou bane of soft content,  
 Love thou inauspicious guest,  
 Say, say, oh why thy shaft was sent  
 To this once peaceful breast.

Sweet as first I thought the passion,  
 Fancy still new joys cou'd see ;  
 But now how sad an alteration,  
 Damon flies from love and me.

Thus Sylvia in the conscious grove  
 All sweetly plaintive mourn'd,  
 When Damon chang'd that way to rove.  
 And to the nymph return'd.

He sigh'd repentance at her feet,  
 She smil'd upon the swain,  
 And each fond heart responsive beat  
 To love and joy again.

## SONG CXXXIII.

*Recitative.*

AS Delia (blest with ev'ry grace)  
 Invok'd soft music's aid,  
 Completely conquer'd by her face,  
 Thus gentle Strephon said ;

*Air.*

Where partial nature may deny  
 The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,  
 Let tedious labour, toil and try  
 To swell the song, or form the dance,  
 Where partial nature, &c.  
 But let your charms alone suffice,  
 And trust the musick of your eyes,  
 Where partial nature, &c.

*Recitative.*

Damon, who chanc'd to over-hear,  
 Thus spoke as he approach'd more near :  
 He flatters ; do not trust the swain,  
 But listen to my honest strain.

*Air.*

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'rs,  
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay ;  
 Your voice and person ev'ry hour  
 By dozens steal our hearts away :  
 But then how trifling is the prize,  
 Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes.  
 Ah, lovely nymph ! indeed to bless,  
 Select the worthiest swain you've won ;  
 Who, prizing sound and colour less,  
 Admires you for your sense alone,  
 Then leave all little arts behind,  
 And study to improve your mind.

## SONG CXXXIV.

**A** Spiring sol whose glad-some rays,  
 Invites the muse to sing ;  
 Prone o'er the east in flame displays,  
 To usher in the spring.  
 Great nature gives the loud alarm,  
 And all her works appear,  
 Resuming ev'ry wonted charm,  
 To bless the rising year.



The fields their liveliest verdure wear,  
 Pomona's blessings bloom ;  
 And Flora does the ambient air,  
 With vernal sweet's perfume ;  
 To welcome spring, on oaten reed,  
 The shepherds make essay ;  
 Whilst all around th' enamel'd mead,  
 Their wanton lambkins play.

Mark yon two lovers in the grove,  
 Beneath the friendly shade,  
 Hark ! how the swain declares his love,  
 To the enamour'd maid :  
 Where trees appear with leaves replete,  
 And warbling birds proclaim,  
 (Cheer'd by the sun's enliv'ning heat)  
 Their little am'rous flame.

Here love, in all it's sweets resides,  
 As when at first ordain'd,  
 Ere pride and ev'ry vice besides,  
 It's pure delight's bad stain'd :  
 Let rakes, their stupid joys declare,  
 They're senseless of the bliss,  
 Which all the few that's happier share,  
 I'th' balmy rural kiss.

Think ! Britons, think on kings severe,  
 Who rule in distant climes ;  
 Where nought but barren fields appear  
 Thro' the revolving times :  
 Here liberty and plenty smile,  
 And peace extends again,  
 Her olive branch to glad the isle,  
 And bless great George's reign.

# SONG CXXXV.

**H**OW oft some chiefs fond words impart,  
 And cloak with smiles the treach'rous heart,  
 A thousand eyes beheld :

The

The courtier, falsely kind like these,  
Proclaims, by his fair promises,  
That tinsel is not gold.

The plodding scribe, whose double tongue  
Turns bad to good, make right of wrong,  
For pelf is brightly bold ;  
He signifies, in many a place,  
To others' cost, and his disgrace,  
That tinsel is not gold.

What makes the merchant plough the seas,  
And risque his life, his fame, and ease ?  
It is to be enroll'd,  
Among frail men, whose actions show,  
That what looks fair, looks falsely so,  
And tinsel is not gold.

Attend the gay parade of courts,  
Clubs, drums, and routs, and bright resorts,  
Where mingle young and old :  
Something or other you shall find,  
To make you see, if you're not blind,  
That tinsel is not gold.

O Mira ! Mira ! hapless soul !  
Whom love's soft passion did controul,  
Of you this truth is told ;  
That when you trusted to a face,  
Wealth, title, pomp, you show'd your race,  
That tinsel is not gold.

When fops assume a lordly shape,  
And tawdry-things fine ladies ape,  
Who then of mortal mould,  
Sees not how modes and fashions reign,  
To shame our kind, and make it plain,  
That tinsel is not gold.

The sot, the fribble, and the cit,  
The blund'ring 'squire, and cross-grain'd wit,  
Are less polite than bold,

O'er weening pride in them prevails,  
 Each in his sev'ral manner tells,  
     That tinsel is not gold.

Tho' in religious truths we see,  
 The Jew, and Christian, disagree,  
     We plainly both behold;  
 Accord in vice, combine to show,  
 That falseness triumph's here below,  
     And tinsel is not gold.

## SONG CXXXVI.

H E.

**H**ASTE, haste Phillis haste, 'tis the first of May,  
 Hark the goldfinches sing, to the woods let's  
     away;

We'll pluck the pale primrose, and start not my dear,  
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

S H E.

Excuse me fond swain, it has often been said,  
 The wood is unsafe, a maid for to tread;  
 And a wither'd old gipsy, one day I espy'd,  
 Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something beside.

H E.

'Tis all a mere fable, there's nothing to fright,  
 There's Music all day, and no spectres at night.  
 No creature but Cupid believe me is there,  
 And Cupid's an Urchin you surely can't fear.

S H E.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,  
 Who knows your designs? you might dare to berude,  
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,  
 Lest Cupid and you are too hard for a maid.

H E.

His dictates you wisely at once shou'd approve,  
 For pray what is life? 'tis a pain without love;  
     Think

Think how youth like the rose, tho' ungather'd  
will fade,

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid.

S H E.

By language as artful, poor Daphne was won,  
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and undone ;  
And rather than trust the fine things you have said,  
Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid.

H E.

Believe not I'm faithless, and false as the wind,  
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind ;  
Will lead you to pleasure, untasted before,  
And make you my bride, can a mortal do more.

S H E.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no,  
To morrow to church, with my shepherd I'll go ;  
To the wood next, tho' Cupid, so talk'd of, be there,  
With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear.

S H E.

Ye nymphs, to the wood never venture to go,  
Till the priest joins your hand, you must answer no, no.

H E.

Ye swains, shou'd your fair ones be deaf to you still,  
You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go where  
you will.

O N G CXXXVII. *The Nun.*

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,  
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been,  
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been :  
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,  
But my mother oft tells me she'd have me a nun,  
But my mother oft tells me she'd have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity, a girl such as I,  
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ?  
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ?

With

With ways so devout, I'm not like to be won,  
 And my heart it loves frolicks too well for a nun.  
 And my heart it loves frolicks too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
 Is a thousand times better to me I declare,  
 Is a thousand times better to me I declare;  
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by whiles be undone,  
 Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun;  
 Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Nor to love, or be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,  
 Nor yield to be sent to—I cannot tell where,  
 Nor yield to be sent to—I cannot tell where:  
 To live or to die, in this case were all one,  
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun,  
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps but to teize me, she threatens me so,  
 I am sure, was she me, she would stoutly say no,  
 I am sure, was she me, she would stoutly say no:  
 But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,  
 And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun,  
 And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

# SONG CXXXVIII.

ONE morn e'er sweet Peggy arose from her bed,  
 I stole to the Chamber, where lay the sweet maid;  
 And opening the curtain, such joy fill'd my eye,  
 That my heart play'd a tune which went pit-a-patty.

But finding she slept, O how great was the bliss,  
 When on her sweet lips, I imprinted a kiss;  
 The sight of her bosom so fill'd me with glee,  
 My Heart play'd a tune that went pit-a-patty.

Grown bold with success, I ventur'd to take  
 A second salute, and sweet Peggy did wake,  
 Surpriz'd at my presence, she blush'd and cry'd fie,  
 Tho' her heart play'd a tune, that went pit-a-patty.

SONG CXXXVIX. *Buntinell-a.*

LET 'prentice bards poetic scribble,  
 Mad with metaphoric quibble;  
 In romantic verse adore each bell-a,  
 I'll tip a chat to my buntinell-a,  
 O rare buntinell-a, &c.

Each London cry she sounds with pretty notes,  
 As her barrow she wheels with tuck'd-up petticoats,  
 With an oil-skin hat for an unbrell-a,  
 Here's my rare ripe filberts, cries buntinell-a,  
 O rare buntinell-a, &c.

Lewdly leering, she slightly her scanty pot piles,  
 With her taper ring'd fingers her fruit sily files,  
 Tho' she long measure takes, she the shortest will sell-a  
 To her sex I appeal, can they blame buntinell-a.  
 O rare buntinell-a.

In summer she cries ripe strawberries,  
 Round and sound my black-heart cherries;  
 In winter oysters she will sell-a,  
 Nay, Wellfleet calls out buntinell-a,  
 O rare buntinell-a.

As fair to the eye as her finest fish is,  
 So juicy, white and plump, her flesh is:  
 O could I but, could I but, what shall I tell-a,  
 Why, like an oyster, open buntinell-a.  
 O rare buntinell-a.

SONG CXL. *The British Bucks.*

NOW rise, my soul, and tune thy voice to sing,  
 Rejoice to serve thy country and thy king,  
 May ev'ry Briton glow with martial fire,  
 Honour and glory is my sole desire.  
*Honour and glory, &c.*

Britons strike home, let hand and heart apace,  
 Revenge pursue, th' ambitious Gallic race,

Your



Your country's bleeding, and on sea and shore,  
 Wrongs in abundance wound her more and more.  
*Wrongs in abundance, &c.*

Fight and record, be to each other true,  
 Yourself alone can Frenchmen still subdue ;  
 In druid strains then shall sweet eccho raise,  
 Songs ever sounding in Britannia's praise.  
*Songs ever sounding, &c.*

Edward the Third her darling fav'rite son,  
 He conquer'd France, tho' they were ten to one,  
 Strike now like Edward you'll proud Lewis tame,  
 And make him tremble at great George's name.  
*And make him tremble, &c.*

#### SONG CXLI.

SINCE Cælia's unkind, and denies me the joy  
 She lavishly squanders on each foolish boy,  
 I'll fly to the bottle, and in the full bowl  
 I'll drown all the trifles that ruffle my soul,  
 I'll drown all the trifles that ruffle my soul.

Her face it is fair, and graceful her mien,  
 Yet charms in a bumper more splendid are seen ;  
 Each swain who beholds her with rapture admires,  
 But Bacchus shall quench all our wanton desires.

With one that is honest, good natur'd and free,  
 How affable, kind, and compliant I'd be ;  
 But when the proud nymph with such tyranny rules,  
 Her levy's compos'd of lac'd fops and dull fools.

Now Cupid no more boast an absolute sway,  
 'Tis Bacchus disarms you, and carries the day ;  
 Triumphantly crown'd with the ever-green wine,  
 Where pleasure and liberty lovingly twine.

#### SONG CXLII.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay !  
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his  
 lay ! So

So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,  
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be  
 join'd !

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,  
 How just was her motion, how sweet was her tongue !  
 And when the youth told her his passionate flame,  
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.

With ardor he press'd her to think him sincere,  
 But alas ! she redoubled each hope and each fear ;  
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,  
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

Nor cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,  
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain :  
 Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,  
 Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.

For sake her, said he, and reject her a while ;  
 If she love you, she soon will return with a smile :  
 You can judge of her passion by absence alone,  
 And by absence will conquer her heart or—your own.

This advice he pursu'd ; but the remedy prov'd  
 Too fatal, alas ! to the fair one he lov'd ;  
 Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain  
 To sigh for a heart she cou'd never regain.

### SONG CXLIII.

**B**Y a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve,  
 Where woodbines and jessamine their boughs in-  
 terweave ;  
 Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my arbour repair,  
 For I must have a chaplet for sweet William's hair,  
 For I must, &c.

She brought me the vi'let that grows on the hill,  
 The vale-dwelling lilly and gilded jonquil ;  
 But such languid odours how cou'd I approve,  
 Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love.

She

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,  
 The undying myrtle and ever-green bay ;  
 But why these to me, who've his constancy known,  
 And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

The next was a gift that I cou'd not contemn,  
 For she brought me two roses that grew on one stem ;  
 Of the dear nuptial tye they stood emblems confest,  
 So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to my  
 breast.

She brought me a sun-flow'r—this fair-one's your  
 due,  
 For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you ;  
 O give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,  
 As true to his flame as this flow'r to her sun.

#### SONG CXLIV.

**S**INCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,  
 To all batchelors, gretting, these lines are premis'd ;  
 I'm a maid that wou'd marry—ah ! cou'd I but find  
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.  
 I care not, &c.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress,  
 Not the 'squire that can relish no joys but the chace,  
 Nor the free-thinking rake, who no morals can bind ;  
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end,  
 Nor the drone that can't relish his bottle and friend,  
 Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's sunk ind ;  
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the rich with full bags, without breeding or merit  
 Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit,  
 Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind ;  
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
 But

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire,  
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair shou'd admire  
In whose heart love and truth are with honour  
conjoin'd;

This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

SONG CXLV.

A Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,  
Who ne'er in his days tasted champaigne or claret;  
With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,  
But *cabbage*, believe me, was his daily bread.  
*Derry down, down.*

His work he pursu'd without any repining,  
When blest'd with a pint of *three threads* for his lining;  
Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,  
With a Semstress's *bodkin* destroy'd his *quicetus*.

No longer a *birth-night* affords any pleasure,  
His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure*;  
His *bills* he contrives not with *items* to swell;  
*Silk, twist, tape, and buckram*, he damns them to *hell*.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,  
And help'd him to *fine-draw* the hole he had made;  
He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,  
Who e'er finish'd without first beginning his *suit*.

He visits the Semstress with awkward address,  
Protests on her kindness *bung* his happiness;  
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,  
For she, lack-a-day! was as sharp as a *needle*.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,  
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom;  
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,  
The fates *shears* would soon cut off his *remnant* of life.

D'ye think, cry'd the Semstress, I'll take for a spouse  
One whom no one esteems at three *skips* of a louse?  
Advance in your favour whatever you can;  
A Taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

They

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,  
 The undying myrtle and ever-green bay ;  
 But why these to me, who've his constancy known,  
 And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

The next was a gift that I cou'd not contemn,  
 For she brought me two roses that grew on one stem ;  
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When bless'd with a pint of *three threads* for his lining;  
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And help'd him to *fine-draw* the hole he had made;  
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For she, lack-a-day! was as sharp as a *needle*.

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And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom;  
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,  
The fates *shears* would soon cut off his *remnant* of life.

D'ye think, cry'd the Semstress, I'll take for a spouse  
One whom no one esteems at three *skips* of a *louse*?  
Advance in your favour whatever you can;  
A Taylor is but the *ninth part* of a man.

They



The Taylor proceeded with lying, intreating ;  
 And making such speeches which scarce bear repeating ;  
 A woman, unmarried was useless, he said ;  
 Was just like a *needle without any thread.*

When the priest should have tack'd them together,  
     he cry'd,  
 For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;  
 Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,  
 She might always be sure of a *goose* at the *fire.*

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble !  
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than her  
     *ribimble ;*  
 Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,  
 That (I know not how 'twas) he *cabbag'd* her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;  
 Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;  
 None but death could the conjugal knot have untied ;  
 For *cross-legg'd* together they sat till they dy'd.

*Derry down, &c.*

# SONG CXLVI.

AS Cloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool air,  
     While musick awaken'd the grove,  
 Young Damon approach'd, and address'd the coy fair  
     In all the soft language of love.

But she was so cruel his suit she deny'd,  
     And laugh'd as he told her his pain ;  
 And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,  
     I will die a maid, I will die a maid, my dear swain.

Oh ! what, says the swain, must thy beauty so gay  
     Perplex us at once and invite ?  
 Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey  
     Of that which was meant for delight :

When

When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled  
o'er,

Then all will my Cloe disdain :  
But still all her answer was, tease me no more,  
I will die a maid, my dear swain.

Young Damaon protested no other he'd prize,  
His flame was so strong and sincere,  
Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,  
And banish'd his torture and fear ;

My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd, he cry'd,  
Ah Cloe, be gentle and good ;  
The fair one grew softer, and, sighing reply'd,  
I'd fain die a maid—if I cou'd.

#### SONG CXLVII.

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,  
I peevish began, where so long could you stay ?  
In your life-time you never regarded your hour,  
You promis'd at two, and pray look, child, 'tis four :  
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,  
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals ;  
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear,  
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak,  
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck,  
It has hurt me and vext me to such a degree,  
See here, for you never believe me, pray see,  
On the left side my breast what a mark it has made,  
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd ;  
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said,

#### SONG CXLVII.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd and England  
once more,  
Shall flourish in fame, as she flourish'd before ;  
Our

Our fears all are fled, with our enemies slain.  
 Cou'd they rise up a new, we wou'd slay them again;  
 Cou'd they rise up a new, we wou'd slay them again.

His monarch to serve, or to do himself right,  
 No Englishman yet, ever flinch'd from the fight;  
 For why! neighbours all, we are free as the king,  
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing,  
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing.

Our prince too, for this may be thankful to fate,  
 It is in our freedom, he finds himself great,  
 No force can be wanting, nor meaner court arts,  
 He's master of all, who will reign in our hearts,  
 He's master of all, who will reign in our hearts.

Should rebels within, or should foes from without,  
 Bring the crown on his head, or his honour in doubt;  
 We are ready—still ready—and boldly foretell,  
 That conquest shall ever with liberty dwell,  
 That conquest shall ever with liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the crown of our labour,  
 Much wine, and good cheer, with the pipe and the  
 tabor :

Let our nymphs all be kind, and our shepherds be gay,  
 For England, old England, is happy to day,  
 For England, old England, is happy to day.

#### SONG CXLIX.

**T**O an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be led,  
 Soft leaves for your pillow, the grass for your  
 bed :

Soft leaves for your pillow, the grass for your bed :  
 While wanton young sparrows chirp over your head,  
 All under the greenwood shade.  
 All under the greenwood shade.

When the moon with pale lustre just gleam'd thro'  
 the grove,  
 And nightingales answer the chaste turtle dove,

The

The maid without blushing shall clasp her true love,  
All under the greenwood shade, &c.

Our pleasure, quite harmless, begins with the day,  
We ever are buxom, we ever are gay,  
No virgins dissemble, no shepherd betray,  
All under the greenwood shade, &c.

Tho' frowns for a while arm the face of the fair,  
Yet soon our young lovers forgets all his care.  
For Phillis cries, do not, oh ! do not despair,  
All under the greenwood shade, &c.

## SONG CL.

YE lasses so pretty, so wanton, so witty,  
Who like to indulge inclination,  
No longer are shy, when they once come to try,  
The ravishing touch, titulation ;  
Tho' in secret the prude, will cry Sir you are rude,  
And turn away as scornful as can be,  
But in private she'll take, in her arms, the dear rake,  
And accept, overjoy'd, of his shawn-bree.

Ye virgins be wiser, don't live like the miser,  
The pleasures of beauty untasting,  
The diamond tho' fine, whilst hid in the mine,  
To no end there the brilliant lies wasting,  
But when brought into use, it will pleasure produce,  
And sparkle as bright as bright can be,  
But no brilliant so rare can ever compare,  
To the jewels dependant on shawn-bree.

The girl of fifteen, pin'd with sickness call'd green,  
This elixir salutis will raise Sir,  
It's the doctor ador'd, by each fair one procur'd,  
And a medicine for every disease Sir,  
To a dying poor creature, this clyster of nature,  
Administer'd as warm as warm can be,  
Old or young, rich or poor, 'twill certainly cure,  
By injecting the juice of your shawn-bree.

When

When confession is done, between friar and nun,  
 Absolution lays down to receive Sir,  
 First he enters her Cell, and sprinkles it well,  
 And absolves her as Adam did Eve Sir.  
 Since sinning I use, such absolving I chuse,  
 It's punishment pleasing as can be,  
 Doctor Dominick hear, a fond penitent's pray'r,  
 Let my penance each night be a shawn-bree.

## SONG CL.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue vi'lets blow,  
 And the birds sing us love songs on ev'ry bough;  
 Cousslips and daiesies, and daffodilly's spread,  
 Adorning, perfuming, the flowery mead:  
     Our cleanly milk-pail,  
     Is fill'd with brown ale;  
 Our table, our table's the grass,  
     There we sit and we sing,  
     And we dance in a ring,  
 And every lad has his lass.

## CHORUS.

There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a ring,  
 And ev'ry lad, ev'ry lad has his lass.  
 When without the plough, the fat oxen do low,  
 The lads and the lasses a sheep-shearing go.

Our shepherd shears his jolly fleece,  
 How much richer than that which they say was in  
     Greece,  
     'Tis our cloth and our food,  
     And our politic blood;  
 'Tis the seat which our nobles all sit on,  
     'Tis a mine above ground,  
     Where our treasure's all found,  
 'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain.

CHORUS

## C H O R U S.

'Tis a mine above ground, where our treasure's all  
found,

'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain.

## S O N G   C L I I.

**I**N *Tyburn* road a man there liv'd,  
A chaste and pious life ;

And there he might have liv'd still,  
Had it so pleas'd his wife.

But she, to wicked ways inclin'd,  
A life most vicious led ;

With Tinkers, and with Taylors too,  
She oft' defil'd his bed.

Full twice a day to church he went,  
And so devout was he ;

Sure never was a saint on earth,  
If not a saint was he.

This vex'd his wife unto the heart,  
She was of wrath so full,

That finding no hole in his coat,  
She pick'd one in his skull.

But then her heart began t' relent,  
And griev'd she was full sore ;

So quarters unto him to give,  
She cut them into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,  
These quarters she convey'd,

And in the fields of *Marybone*,  
His marrow-bones she laid.

His head at *Westminster* she threw,  
All in the *Thames* so wide,

Saying, my dear, the wind sets fair,  
And you may have the tide.

But heav'n, whose power no mortal knows,  
On earth, or on the main,

Soon



Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown  
Upon the Land again.

This Head being found the Justices  
Their Heads together laid,  
And all agreed their must have been  
A body to this head.

But as no body could be found,  
High mounted on a shelf,  
They e'n set up the head to be  
A witness for itself.

And that it no self-murder was,  
The case itself explains ;  
For no man cou'd cut off his head,  
And throw it in the *Thames*.

E'er many days were gone and past,  
The deed at length was blown ;  
And *Catharine Hays* confest at last  
The fact to be her own.

### SONG CLIII.

#### *The Lillies of FRANCE.*

**T**HE lillies of *France*, and the brave *English* rose,  
Could never agree, as old history shews ;  
But our *Edwards* and *Henrys* those lillies have torn,  
And in their rich standards such ensigns have borne,  
To shew that Old *England*, beneath her strong lance,  
Has humbled the pride and the glory of *France*.

What would these *monfieurs* ? would they know  
how we can,

Why, look at the annals of glorious queen *Anne* ;  
We beat them by sea, and we beat them by land,  
When *Marlbro'* and *Ruffel* enjoy'd the command :  
We'll beat them again, boys, so let them advance,  
Old *England* despises the jesuits of *France*.

Why

Why, let the grand monarch assemble his host,  
 And threaten invasion of *England's* fair coast;  
 Have at them, their business will quickly be done,  
 And soon we will make the *Frenchmen* to run:  
 Monseurs, we will teach you a new *English* dance,  
 To our grenadiers march, that will frighten all  
*France.*

Let's take up our muskets, and gird on our swords,  
 And monsieur shall find us as good as our words;  
 Beat drums, trumpets sound, and huzza for our king,  
 Then welcome, *Bellisfe*, with what troops thou  
     can'st bring:  
 Huzza! for Old *England*, whose strong-pointed  
     lance,  
 Shall humble the pride and the glory of *France.*

## SONG CLIV.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,  
     With Sally can compare,  
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
     And rivals all the fair,  
 The beams of Sol delight and chear,  
     While summer seasons roll;  
 My Sally's smiles can, all the year,  
     Give summer to the soul.  
     Give summer, &c.

When from the east, the morning ray  
     Illumes the world below,  
 Her presence bids the god of day  
     With emulation glow:  
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
     Birds sweeter notes prepare;  
 The playful lambkins skip around,  
     And hail the sister fair.  
     And hail, &c.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,  
 To bid the maid rejoice;

And

And mimicks, while he swells the note,  
 The sweetness of her voice :  
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,  
 While Flora spreads perfume ;  
 And every flower seems to say,  
 I die for Sally bloom.  
 I die, &c.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,  
 From morn to eve their tale ;  
 Her beauty, and unspotted fame,  
 Make vocal every vale ;  
 The stream, meand'ring thro' the mead,  
 Her eccho'd name conveys ;  
 And every voice, and every reed,  
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.  
 Is tun'd, &c.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain,  
 To mirthful wake resort ;  
 Nor ev'ry May-morn, on the plain,  
 Advance in rural sport :  
 No more shall gush the gurgling rill,  
 Nor music wake the grove ;  
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hills,  
 When I forget to love.  
 When I forget to love.

# SONG CLV:

*Oh, the same is intitled and called a new Bawl-it,  
 sung by Bess Tatter, the Corner of Blowbladder-  
 Street.*

YOUNG Strephon he went t'other day to the wake,  
 For some huckle-my-buff and a gingerbread cake,  
 But oh ! he was joyous and hobbish and jolly,  
 When on the gay green he diskiver'd his Molly.  
 Brisk Molly came tripping along the gay green,  
 As fine as a horse or a gingerbread queen,

Young

Young Strephon went to her, and made a low bow,  
And he look'd if so be, as—he cou'd'n't tell how.

With that they began, without any pother,  
Of talking of this, and of that, and of t'other,  
And tho' she wou'd pish, and wou'd cry—let me go,  
Yet he press'd her likewise, and he squeez'd her also.

Come all ye young youths of St. Laurence's parish,  
Who love ev'ry thing that is finish and rarish,  
Be joyous and buxom, and bobbish and jolly,  
Sing—Molly and Strephon—and Strephon and Molly.

SONG CLVI. The BLYSBME BRIDAL.

*Sung by Mr. Lauder, at the New Theatre in the  
Hay-Market.*

**C**OME, fie, let's a' to the bridal,  
For there will be liltin' there ;  
For Jock's to be married to Moggie,  
The lass with the gowden hair :  
And there'll be langkale and pottage,  
And bannocks of barley-meal ;  
And there will be gued sawt herrings,  
To relish a coge of gued ale.  
Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be Sawney, the Sutor,  
And Will, with the muckle mow ;  
And there will be Tom, the Blutter,  
With Andrew, the Tinkler, I trow :  
And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,  
With thumbless Kattie's gued man.  
And there will be blue-cheek'd Dowbie,  
And Lawrie, the laird of the land.  
Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber Pattie,  
And plucky-fac'd Watt of the mill ;  
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,  
That wins in the how of the hill :

And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessie did moof;  
 With snivelling Lillie, and Tibbie,  
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

And Madge, that was buckled to Steenie,  
 And cost him grey Breeks to his arse;  
 Who after was hanged for stealing,  
 (Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe):  
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh, with the lilly-white leg;  
 Wha gade to the South for manners,  
 And bang'd up her weme in Mons-meg.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be Juder M'lawrie,  
 And blinking daft Barbara M'leg;  
 Wi' flae-lugged, sharne-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangty men'd halucker Meg:  
 And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie, by name;  
 Muck Madpie, and fat-hippit Griffy,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be Girn again Gibbie,  
 With his glakit wife, Jenny Bell;  
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo M'Abbie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsel:  
 There lads and lassies in pearlings,  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carling,  
 That are baith foddan and raw.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and braches,  
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate;  
 Poufowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,  
 And caller, nowt feet in a plate.  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 And whytens and spaldings enew,

With

With singed sheepsheads, and a haggis,  
 And scad lips to suck till ye spew.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk'd kebbuck,  
 And fowens, and farles, and baps ;  
 With swats, and well-scraped pauncher,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :  
 And there'll be meal-kail, and castocks,  
 And skink to sup till ye rive ;  
 And roasts, to roast on a brander,  
 Of flouks that were taken alive.  
 Fie, let us, &c.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce, and tangle,  
 And a mull of good snishing to prie ;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up, and dance till we die :  
 Then, fie, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there ;  
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,  
 The las wi' the gowden hair.

SONG CLVII. *The RAKE and the FRIAR.*

A D I A L O G U E.

**T**OM Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,  
 Who relied on salvation, by faith in the pope ;  
 With some qualms of contrition one morning was  
 taken,  
 And his conscience declar'd it was high time to  
 reckon.

His steps to a convent — our gallant address'd  
 To pour his transgressions in *Dominick's* breast ;  
 He tore his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,  
 He broke his couteau, and he dropp'd on his knee.

R A K E.

O father, lost peace to a sinner restore,  
 These pieces are many, my trespasses more ;

F 2

Thus



Thus saying, a purse from his pocket he loos'd,  
Which, ey'd by the father, this answer produc'd.

F R I A R.

Son, trust our good mother, she'll always confer  
Indulgence to those who're indulgent to her;  
Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls,  
The church has remission while you have pistoles.

R A K E.

A shepherdes, harmless and young, I betray'd,  
I found her, ah! wish I had left her a maid;  
This brought the repentance, this brought the  
delight; [*shaking the purse*]  
Take, take, holy father, this fiend from my sight.

The friar obey'd, and took charge of the booty,  
Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty;  
So was poverty too, but (*aurum accepit*)  
I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it.

But lest a bad tale, by its length, be made worse,  
The friar, well weighing the case—and the purse,  
I find not, said he, any cause of alarm,  
You instructed the ignorant, where was the harm?

R A K E.

The charms of a widow my soul did surprise,  
How gloomy her grief, but how bright were her eyes;  
No second enjoyment she'd sworn to allow,  
I kiss'd off her tears, and, oh! cancell'd her vow.

F R I A R.

Mere charity, sir, had oblig'd you to this,  
To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiss.

R A K E.

An Hugonot's consort fell next to my share,  
In short, sir, I ravish'd the obstinate fair;  
Her husband intruded, and fell in the strife;  
I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life.

F R I A R.

Pish! let not such trifles your mind incommode,  
To take from the heretick's giving to God.

To

## R A K E.

To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal ;  
 She open'd her breast, and I open'd her cell :  
 She open'd, O heavens ! [Fr. Damnation and hell !  
 Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders  
 What lie with a nun, and not be in orders.

No prayers, no alms can atone for this evil ;  
 Down, down to damnation, down, down to the devil.  
 Tom took up his purse, and away crept the monk,  
 One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

SONG CLVIII. *Roger and Sue.*

ONE morn sweet Sue  
 A pail or two of water drew,  
 In slip-shod shoe,  
 Where ice was new--ly frozen ;  
 When falling from the pump,  
 Slap dash upon her rump,  
 A great and mighty bump  
 Swell'd on her buttocks plump :  
 It smarts, it burns, it akes by turns,  
 All o'er I'm sore, she loud did roar,  
 I ne'er shall more my ware restore  
 To charm as it was wont before ;  
 Alas ! oh cruel, cursed destiny,  
 Would the devil had the pump for me.

Young Hodge who work'd hard by her,  
 From pig-stye chanc'd to spie her,  
 Which rais'd the Clown's desire ;

Soon as he heard her roar and yelp,

He ran and offer'd her his help ;

Be gone, she cry'd, you saucy whelp—and leave me.

But for this sad disaster,

I sure must have a plaister :

Then if you can relieve me, O strait your cure begin,

Oh Roger, Roger, quick,

Oh Roger, Roger, quick,

Oh quick your salve apply,

Or Sukey soon will faint and die.

Oh quick your salve apply,

Or Sukey soon will faint and die.

SONG

## SONG CLIX.

**H**OW little do the landmen know,  
 Of what we sailors feel;  
 When waves do mount and winds do blow,  
 But we have hearts of steel:  
 No danger can afright us,  
 No enemy shall flout;  
 We'll make the Monfieurs right us,  
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick stout to orders meffmates,  
 We'll plunder burn and fink,  
 Then France have at your first-rates,  
 For Britons never shrink:  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in louis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble Commodore;  
 We'll spend our wages freely boys,  
 And then to sea for more:  
 In peace we'll drink and sing boys,  
 In war we'll never fly,  
 Here's a health to George, our king boys,  
 And the royal family.

## SONG CLX.

**T**Hank God, at last, the the priest has fast,  
 Ty'd me and Betty,  
 To hear her say, love and obey,  
 'Twas vastly pretty:  
 The marriage done, we ev'ry one  
 Saluted Betty;  
 She look'd so neat, and kiss'd so sweet,  
 'Twas vastly pretty.

Birds, as he went, along thro' Kent,  
 Joy'd me and Betty.  
 The charms of that, and I know what  
 'Tas vastly pretty

The

The Jokes of wed, and going to bed,  
 From all were witty ;  
 But I know best, and do protest  
 'Twas vastly pretty.

Now night and day, my time away  
 Glides sweet with Betty,  
 In her I find, what heaven design'd  
 She's good and pretty.  
 Ye swains with honour  
 Every nymph pursue ;  
 Ye nymphs be grateful,  
 To your swains be true,  
 Such were the steps I took  
 And Betty too.

## SONG CLXI.

*" Happy (like me) let ev'ry wedded swain  
 (Who cheerfully recounts his fair-one's praise)  
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets  
 Enjoy with honour." -----*

**H**APPY the time when last in rhyme  
 I prais'd my Betty,  
 Just were my strains, and she remains,  
 Both, " good and pretty."

Blest man and wife, who led a life  
 Like me and Betty ;  
 Ne'er to controul each others soul  
 Is vastly pretty !

While others prate, and curse their fate,  
 I, with my Betty,  
 Heal little smarts with pleasing arts,  
 Prodigious pretty !

Angels and Gods, from their abodes,  
 Oft gaze on Betty ;  
 The angels say, " Good-lack-a-day,  
 " She's vastly pretty ! "

But

But when we toy, they see our joy,  
 And envy Betty ;  
 And seem to think, there's something in't  
 That's more than pretty.

Jealous of this, they count the bliss  
 Too great for Betty ;  
 So turn away, and snarling say,  
 " She's none so pretty."

What angels are I can't declare ;  
 But think my Betty  
 As good as they, and dare to say.  
 She's full as pretty.

Angels have fell, God knows, to hell,  
 But how can Betty ?  
 She knows no ill, nor ever will,  
 She must be pretty.

Want should the king a pretty thing,  
 (Peculiar pretty)  
 Though he lays down his soul and crown,  
 He shan't have Betty.

But if a god, with awful nod,  
 Demands my Betty,  
 What must I do ? (for she must go,  
 Though e'er so pretty)

Why this—(to prove that her I love  
 I'll love for ever,  
 With eager grasp her soul I'll clasp,  
 So go together.

#### SONG CLXII.

**G**OOD Sir, do not start I'll teach you an Art,  
 By which you will ne'er miss your Aim ;  
 Be not squeamish or nice, to cut Cards or cog Dice,  
 All the World plays the best of the Game :  
 The Game,—all the World, &c.

See

See how each profession, and Trade through the  
Nation,

Will dupe all they can without shame ;  
Then why shou'd not we in our turn be as free ;  
All the world plays the best of the game.

The Lawyers of note, who squabble and quote,  
Are expecting both riches and fame,  
And all is but trick, the poor client to nick,  
For the law plays the best of the game.

To gain his base ends, each lover pretends,  
To talk of his darts and his flame ;  
By which he draws in the poor maiden to Sin,  
Who is left with the worst of the game.

And so the coy maid, with modesty's aid,  
To foolish fond man does the same,  
When the fool's in the net, the prude turns coquet,  
And her spouse has the worst of the game.

Then since the great plan, is cheat who cheat can,  
Pray think not my notions to blame ;  
Join lawyers and professors, maids, lovers, and doctors,  
All the world plays the the best of the game.

### SONG CLXIII.

**T**HOU' darkness still attends me,  
It aids internal light ;  
And from such scenes defend me,  
As blush to see the light.

No villain's smile deceives me,  
No gilded fop offends ;  
No weeping object grieves me,  
Kind darkness me befriends.

Henceforth no useless wailings,  
I find no reason why ;  
Mankind to their own failings  
Are all as blind as I.

Who



Who painted vice desires,  
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;  
Who virtue not admires,  
Is either blind or winks.

SONG CLXIV. *The Tears of Scotland.*

**M**OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs, no more  
Invite the stranger to thy door;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty,

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babe and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,  
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour sell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day;  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,

Oh baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,  
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
 The sons against their fathers stood,  
 The parent shed his childrens blood,  
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
 The victors soul was not appeas'd :  
 The naked and forlorn must feel  
 Devouring flames, and murdering steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath.  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head ;  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread,  
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend,  
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;  
 Resentment of my country's fate,  
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow,  
 " Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 " Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

SONG CLXV. *The Bargain Refused.*

SOME four years ago I made Phillis an offer,  
 (Provided my suit she would hear)  
 Of a thousand good pounds to put in her coffer,  
 Nor thought I the purchase too dear.  
 About two years after a message she sent me,  
 She was for that thousand my own ;  
 But unless for an hundred she now wou'd content me,  
 I fairly reply'd—I'd have none.  
 In the space of a fortnight she told me her favour,  
 I shou'd for my hundred receive ;  
 But I bow'd—and assur'd her with careless behaviour,  
 That ten was the most I cou'd give.

T'other

T'other day the coy nymph for a guinea was willing,  
Which I then thought a great deal to dear,  
And told her unless she'd comply for a shilling,  
To seek for a chapman elsewhere.

This morning she came, and wou'd fain be kind gratis,  
But she's now grown so fulsome a jade,  
That I cry'd even nothing a far dearer rate is,  
Than all the good offers—I made.

## SONG CLXVI.

WHEN first procreation began,  
Ere forms interrupted the bliss,  
Each woman might love any man,  
Each man any woman might kiss.

The youth who beheld a plump lass,  
Declar'd in few words his request ;  
Nor whin'd like an amorous ass,  
Nor ever departed unblest.

The girl, who was ripe for the game,  
Look'd out for a fizeable lad ;  
Then frankly discover'd her flame,  
And what she demanded, she had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,  
And bantlings increased in their kind,  
The mother still bore all the charge : —  
The father what mortal could find ?

So when great Semiramis reign'd,  
And women repin'd at their lot,  
The Queen matrimony ordain'd,  
That each might maintain what he got.

While under this petticoat rule,  
The men were oblig'd to submit :  
The wife went abroad, and the fool  
Still own'd all that came to net.

The

The men on this system refin'd :  
 They granted the union for life ;  
 But made (their chaste spouses to bind)  
 The husband the head of the wife.

Tradition establish'd the cheat  
 (Tradition makes all things divine !)  
 It aw'd the dull crow'd ; but the great  
 What precept could ever confine ?

The sacred law-givers of yore,  
 And all the old sages of Greece,  
 Could slyly dispense with a score ;  
 Tho' others had but one a-piece.

'Twas thought for the good of mankind ;  
 So into the canons it pass'd ;  
 The mob will for ever be blind ;  
 And therefore 'tis likely to last.

Still may the decrees of the state  
 Impose on an ignorant realm :  
 Let us our own charter create,  
 And do as they do at the helm.

When one has the beauty to charm,  
 And t'other the manhood to please,  
 In love can there be any harm,  
 Arising from motives like these ?

### SONG CLXVII.

IN mirth and pastime ev'ry hour employ,  
 Lost is the day that is not spent in joy ;  
 Here strew your roses, here your chaplets bring,  
 And listen, neighbours, to the truths I sing.

*Air.*

Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart ;  
 While thus we sit round on the grass,  
 The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,  
 The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And

And wishes to add to the mafs ;  
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himfelf,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.  
 The beau, who fo fmart with his well-powder'd  
     hair,  
 An' angels behold's in his glafs,  
 And thinks with grimace to fubdue all the fair,  
 May juftly be reckon'd an afs.  
 The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
 Of Cræfus the wealth to furpafs ;  
 And oft', while he's wandring, my lady at home  
 Claps the horns of an ox on an afs.  
 The lawyer fo grave when he puts in his plea,  
 With forehead well cover'd with brafs ;  
 Tho' he talk to no purpofe, he pockets your fee ;  
 There you, my good friends, are the afs.  
 The formal phyfician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
 Shall laft be produc'd in his clafs ;  
 The fick man a while may confide in his fkill,  
 But death proves the doct'or an afs.  
 Then let us companions, be jovial and gay,  
 By turns take the bottle and lafs ;  
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

## SONG CLXVIII.

**Z**ENO, Plato, Aristotle,  
 All were lovers of the bottle ;  
 Poets, painters, and muficians,  
 Churchmen, lawyers, and phyficians,  
 All admire a pretty lafs,  
 All require a chearful glafs :  
 Ev'ry pleasure has its feafon,  
 Love and drinking are no treafon.

SONG

CLXIX. *The CHOICE SPIRITS FEAST,*

*Perform'd at Ranelagh House with universal applause,  
by Mr. Skeggs, Mr. Rooker, and other choice spirits.*

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken by Comus.*

Amidst this gay circle, bright beam's the fair race,  
Each form's rich with gesture, each gesture with  
grace ;

Love laughs in their looks : Youth blooms in each  
cheek,

Sense speaks when they smile, and wit smiles when  
they speak,

Gaydressed daughters of beauty, ye sons of true taste,  
This evening accept of a choice spirits feast.

I've call'd them together, this sett I've selected,

By Comus this evening collation's directed ;

Great Bacchus the gay God of bumper's my fire,

Great Bacchus the fuel and life of love's fire ,

Who bestows on the lover assurance to try,

Aud drowns in the lady all force to deny.

From him I'm descended, and thus spoke my father

Go ; call the chief sons of true humour together.

Let harmony usher the things they shall say,

Be laughter attendant, and wit prompt the play ;

But banish low quibble, and sing-song impure,

Poor personal satire, entendres obscure.

Let not ribaldry dare to offend the chaste ear,

Nor dullness, tho' even in Op'ra, appear ;

Let mirth by the side of plain sense take her place,

And the comic muse smile undebauch'd by grimace ;

Do not stamp the buffoon on the sterling of nature,

But the sense of each song be express'd in each feature.

'Twas thus he commanded, I this had to say,

Come, lads, let me see you know how to obey ;

Ye social, harmonious choice spirits begin,

A moment be silent, ye fair, while they sing.

*The*



## RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS at a ven'son feast, at cricket won,  
 By Lightfoot's nimble son:  
 Asleep in jocky state  
 The groom-like 'squire fate,  
     Nodding in elbow-chair.  
 His brother bucks were plac'd around,  
 Their heads with unseam'd hunting caps were  
     bound,  
 So should each sportsman for the chace be crown'd.  
     Hark! the horn sounds away, away,  
     Aurora ushers in the day;  
 The op'ning hounds uncoupled view,  
 With deep-hung dewlaps dash the dew;  
 With swelling notes and head held back,  
 See the unharbour'd stag burst thro' the brake;  
 The high-bred horse shakes his air-waving mane,  
 Stamps o'er the sounding earth, and scours along  
     the plain.

## DUETT.

'When Phoebus the tops of the hills does adorn, &c.'

## RECITATIVE.

The list'ning croud admir'd the song, horn ton'd,  
 Bravo! bravissimo! they shout around;  
 Below, the drawer's bravo back rebound.  
     Scar'd with the noise, young Buck awakes,  
     And stares at all his brother rakes;  
     Then rubs his eyes, asks what's o' clock?  
     Startled, he hears the watchman knock.  
 Now silence thrice was call'd, and thrice 'twas broke,  
 When in a fury thus young Lightfoot spoke:  
 Bring up the watchman, seize the vile invader;  
 Then up they dragg'd the midnight serenader.  
 When, lo! the figure of Old Time appears,  
 His face was furrow'd with five thousand years.  
When

Down his smooth skull a single lock was hung,  
And feebly coughing, thus the glutton sung :

## SONG.

My friends pray break up now you've time,  
You'll repent if in vain you are told ;  
Oh, why will not Bucks in their prime,  
Consider they are to grow old ?

When the pale face of winter appears,  
And each late blossom'd tree tops with snow,  
Thus our heads, thinly spread with white hairs,  
Life's last wintry evening will show.

Like the maim'd from long dreadful campaigns  
You are mark'd, by debauch, full of scars,  
Sunken eyes, feeble hams, bloodless veins,  
Pally shaking, and seiz'd by catarrhs :

Then toothless ye mump, and ye moan,  
Your shrivel'd cheeks twisting about:  
Ye mumble, ye grumble, and groan,  
Then die as a candle goes out.

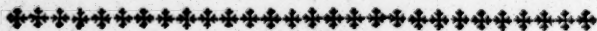
## RECITATIVE.

As when the rising tempest rushing roars,  
Sweeps off the harvest, shakes the sounding shores ;  
Red lightnings flash, seas bellow, thunder growls,  
The uproar reaching to the trembling poles.  
Waves, winds, rocks, rain, ships, sands and clouds  
contend,  
And shrieks and swearing the wide welking rend.  
In dreadful din thus rose the drunken crew,  
Pipes, glasses, bottles, punch-bowls, flasks o'er-  
threw ;  
They gagg'd the preacher, dash'd him to the  
ground,  
And in a pipe of claret, Time was drown'd.  
Huzza young Lightfoot cry'd, while in our prime,  
Claret can always kill the bugbear Time.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The many rend the room with loud applause,  
So Time was drown'd, and drinking won the cause.



SECOND PART.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of drinking, then the choicest spirit sung.

SONG.

Come my bucks, let to-night be devoted to drinking,  
To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking.  
No more shall time preach, nor no more shall we  
hear it,

For he's drown'd as he ought in a hoghead of claret.

Now time is no more, or no more can forbid us,  
Of that troublesome guest a choice spirit has rid us;  
Yet if time shou'd be wanting for any design,  
Henceforth he is found in a hoghead of wine.

Since time is confin'd to our wine let us think  
By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink,  
Come, my bucks; let your glasses with bumpers be  
prim'd,

Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

RECITATIVE.

Now the heart-raising horn at distance blew,  
Swift to the chace, away the sportsmen flew:  
Shouting they rend the air, each bill resounds,  
Loud neigh the steeds, and louder ope the  
hounds,

From babbling eccho back the noise rebounds.  
Sooth'd with the sounds, young buck grew vain,  
And hunted every chace again,  
And cover thrice he broke; and thrice he slew  
the slain.

Song

## S O N G.

Here was a hare kill'd, and there a fox fell ;  
 Here a leap took wou'd startle a Cæsar ;  
 There they unharbour'd, and there rung his knell,  
 And here it was hit off, hark forward to Teizer.  
 Then they their bumpers above-head advancing,  
 All fell to finging and then fell to dancing.

Wonder and Plunder, shrill Thunder and Sue,  
 Blueman and Trueman, with Ringwood and  
 Rowler ;

Sweetlips the babbler, and Tulip so true,  
 With Darling and Starling, and Tattler and  
 Trowler.

These were the hounds he hoop'd and he hollow'd  
 While all the rest reeling with tolderoll follow'd.

## RECITATIVE.

Long ago,  
 E'er better music Britons learn'd to know,  
 Our British bards, from whom choice spirits come,  
 Thus rudely garnish'd out each harvest home :  
 Sung Chevy-Chace, and Robin Hood ;  
 Or corn grows now were Troy town stood,

## S O N G.

No Senefino then was known,  
 Cuzzoni or Faustina :  
 No Farinelli charm'd the town,  
 Nor comic Nicolina.  
 But salt-box bang, and jews harp twang,  
 With hurdy gurdy grunting,  
 While others did sing to the bladder and string,  
 Like hogs in high winds hunting.

## RECITATIVE.

Ye social sons ! ye lady-loving race !  
 Who taste with transport love's unfeign'd embrace,  
 Who mingle o'er the wit-enlivening bowl,  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.  
 No more let dulness in a foreign tongue  
 Taint your true tastes, nor give up sense for song.  
 Beauty's

Beauties of *Britain*, ye fair female race,  
 Whose words are music, and whose motions grace:  
 Joy of all hearts, wish of admiring eyes,  
 Heav'n's last, best gift, and love's luxurious prize.  
 Forgive and favour these our rude essays,  
 And patronize our rustic roundelays.

## S O N G.

Prithee leave off this dull panegyric, my dear,  
 The ladys have wished the choice spirits to hear,  
 To divert them this night in borlace we appear.

Sing singing's the taste, let us have a duetta,  
 Between us we'll make what you call a burletta,  
 He shall do the old man, and you do *Spiletta*.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. S K E G G S.

I've got a cold, indeed I'm very hoarse,  
 I fear with singing, sir—to make it worse.

Yet still I'll strive, nay work like any negro,  
 From slow Adagio, up to quick Allegro,  
 Then change from Forte to the soft Piano ;  
 That I will be,  
 Si Signor Si,

Indeed a Bon Compagno.

Come, my dear daughter, come, Miss *Nicolina*, }  
 I must compose a new burletta grinna, }  
 And with my fingers play the symphonina. }

'Tis dinner-time, I find, my dear Signora ;  
 Go fetch some stakes, Va—fetch some stakes, encora.  
 While I made unison of these stoccato's,  
 Boil me some broth, and roast some nice potatoes.

## S O N G.

Volti largo mi affetto,  
 Subito andante.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Put some greens in cabbage netto,  
And make some soup fante.

## S O N G.

Non troppo n' affettuoso,  
Tace primo violin.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

The broth will be but so so.  
If you don't put oatmeal in.  
Thirds, fifths and eights, a half's above a quarter,  
A minum's long, a quaver is much shorter ;  
Before you lay the cloth, go get a pint of porter.

## S O N G.

By S K E G G S and R O O K E R.

*She.* Pray, papa, pardonna moy,  
Son confusa, ah ma foy.  
*He.* Fetch some drink !  
*She.* Indeed not I, indeed not I, indeed not I.  
*He.* You're ill bred miss.  
*She.* That's a lye.  
*He.* Gallop, trollop,  
Va vivace, va vicace,  
Trollop, gallop.  
*She.* Tace ta.  
*He.* Le diable.  
*She.* Bribble brabble barboncina,  
*He.* Cara spilatta.  
*She.* Foollatta.  
*He.* Le diable.  
*She.* Bribble brabble piccicina.  
*He.* Cara spilatta.  
*She.* Foolatta ca.

## S O N G.

Thus with jargon they juggle us out of our money,  
With cara da capo encore abandoni,

Each



Each phrase must be fine, it's nouvelle we are sure  
on't,

Nouvelle let it be and let us hear no more on't.

Be not *Britans* misled by a song or a dance,  
Nor your fathers forget they're remember'd in *France*;  
Shall capers, concertos, couplets, serenades,  
Demolish the men that demolish *Armadas*.

The black prince and his father at Poitiers and Cressy,  
Compos'd some rough music made monsieurs uneasy,  
King *Henry* the fifth too at *Agincourts* rout,  
Led them up such a dance that he put them all out.

To play us a concert, *Spain* sent an armada ;  
To return it, *Drake* gave them a sea serenade ;  
This music was copy'd by *Warren* and *Anson*,  
Which made the *French* cry *Diable* *Angeterre* chanson.

Singers, fiddlers, and dancers, when first they come  
here,

Out of feathers and flesh, just like woodcocks appear ;  
But plump'd by our plenty, they're puff'd into pride,  
Give a beggar a horse : we know where he'll ride.

Let them walk, trot, or gallop, but send them  
from hence,

Nor to sound my dear countrymen, sacrifice sense ;  
Our wit is invaded, resist now, or never,  
And defend common sense, and Old *England* for  
ever.

The last Song, and general Chorus.

### S O N G.

Of love, wit, and wine, our songs we'll raise,

The tripple alliance we're boasting ;

With wit we can celebrate beauty's praise,

With wine we those beauties are toasting :

To Portugal's paint, or opera airs,

We never will be in debt, ah !

Pure white and red blooms in the face of our fair,

And wit has eclips'd the burletta.

Then

Then in chorus join  
 To love, wit, and wine,  
 And found them forth clever,  
 To those men of taste,  
 Who on love and wit feast,  
 Of *Old England, Old England,*  
 Huzza ! *Old England* for ever.

## SONG CLXX.

AS Chole was bathing one hot summer's day,  
 The arch god of love went a shooting that way,  
 With his sly looks, and malice so deep :  
 Were his weapons in order, so naked he found her,  
 He surely wou'd laid her as flat as a flounder ;  
 But when with his dart he attempted to sting,  
 He drew with such force, that he broke the bow-  
 string ;

And then the best he cou'd do was to peep.

The lillies so fair, when as she stood by 'em,  
 Were nothing but daffodils, when she came nigh 'em,  
 So fair was her face, her skin was so white :  
 Altho' but a blinker, he plainly discovers  
 Such charms as would vanquish the stoutest of lovers :  
 He view'd her behind, and he view'd her before,  
 Had he seen his own mother, he cou'd not see more,  
 Oh ! what wou'd a mortal give for the sight.

Whatever was beautiful, surely was there,  
 But nothing so pleas'd the young god as her hair,  
 For never were locks so finely display'd ;  
 To name to perfection, is hard for my song,  
 The colour so bright, and the buckle so strong :  
 When she stretch'd 'em at length, they with a spring,  
 Which made him conclude one wou'd make a bow-  
 string ;

And for it an artful project he laid.

The god from his ambush quickly arose,  
 And suddenly lept up the bank to her cloaths,  
 And stood, as in arms, confess't to her sight ;

In what a sad taking was then the poor maid,  
 To run to her petticoats she was afraid :  
 Dear Chloe, says Cupid, for one single hair,  
 You may purchase my friendship, 'tis what you can  
     spare,

Then give it, and there's an end to the fright.

The request was so small, she was loth to refuse it,  
 But what he insisted on, was that he'd chuse it,

To which the poor girl was oblig'd to consent :

He rummag'd her head behind and before,  
 Her eye-brows, her eye-lids, and search'd 'em all o'er,  
 He chose one at length, but from which of the three,  
 The Criticks dispute it, yet all do agree,

That Cupid was pleas'd, and Chloe content.

His bow then he strung, and his string did so fit it,  
 That he never aim'd at a heart but he hit it ;

What havock he made is hard to declare :

Whoever has felt the power of his bow,  
 It wou'd—bless his majesty—make him lie low ;  
 Then Chloe, dear Chloe, pray send for a barber.  
 It may be high treason such locks for to harbour ;  
 For love will get at 'em wherever they are.

### S O N G   C L X X I.

**A** R A H, my Judy, was not I a booby,  
 When I did leave ye, when I did leave ye ;  
 If I did not hate ye before I did see ye  
     The worst devil take ye.

To seek my dull chance, I am going to France,  
 My fortune to better ;  
 And if I am drowned, be not confounded,  
     I'll send you a letter.

What tho' I be driven, by Captain Obrian,  
 From the county of Kerry ;  
 What tho' I be sad, by my shoul I'd be glad  
     That you would be merry.

When

When I am sleeping, methinks I am creeping  
 Into your favour ;  
 But when I awake, and find my mistake,  
 I'm in a high fever.

For fighting, for fencing, for cudgelling, for dancing  
 I value no man ;  
 For when I'm in mettle, I'm as hot as a kettle,  
 I'll fight Captain Obrian.

Oh hone, my dear Jude, do not be so foolish,  
 But drive away Casey ;  
 Or when I come thither, I'll curry his leather,  
 And make him uneasy.

Ushlam agra ! be not so hard-hearted,  
 If you I don't marry,  
 Soon you will see hang out of a tree  
 Your own dear Theady.

## SONG CLXXII.

I Have a tenement to lett,  
 Will please both great and small, Sir,  
 And if you'd know the name of it,  
 I call it sportsman's hall, fir ;  
 It's seated in a pleasant vale,  
 Near to a rising hill, fir,  
 And through it runs a purling stream,  
 Would turn a little mill, fir.

It is not roof'd with with slate nor tile,  
 Nor is it piec'd nor patch'd, fir ;  
 Yet a drop of rain cannot get in,  
 It is so nicely thatch'd, fir :  
 If I don't let it very soon,  
 By Jove, I'll have it cry'd, fir,  
 For what's the use of such a thing,  
 If it's not well occupied, fir ?

This house is very dark at night ;  
 And so it is by day, fir ;

Yet

Yet, if you enter once aright,  
 You cannot miss your way, fir;  
 When once you're in, push boldly on,  
 As far as e'er you can, fir,  
 And if you reach the farther end,  
 You'll be where ne'er was man, fir.

There is no window to this house,  
 Nor is there but one door, fir;  
 No parlours, nor fine rooms up stairs,  
 But just the middle floor, fir:  
 Yet let not this discourage you,  
 For e'er you long are there, fir,  
 What tho' your furniture be large,  
 You'll find you've room to spare, fir.

On two rais'd pillars stands this house,  
 Yet, tho' so high the door, fir,  
 You can't get fairly in, unless  
 You creep upon all fours, fir:  
 Tho' there is ne'er a soul within,  
 This little door to unlock, fir,  
 It is so curiously contriv'd,  
 'Twill open, if you knock, fir;

It is surrounded by a wood,  
 Where there is game in plenty,  
 Of hares so stout, you scarce can find  
 The like in places twenty:  
 Of coney-hunting, day and night,  
 You'll have your full enjoyment,  
 And if in cocking you delight,  
 You ne'er will want employment.

This house is warm without a fire,  
 In it is peace and plenty;  
 It is in very good repair,  
 And has stood years but twenty:  
 The sort of tenant I would chuse,  
 I will tell you now fairly;  
 He must be young, and one that can  
 Rise up both late and early.

Or one that cultivates the land,  
 And sows it in due season ;  
 That handles well his thrashing-flail,  
 Whene'er there is occasion ;  
 If he doth this, I promise him,  
 I ne'er for rent will call, fir,  
 But, if he fails, I will eject him  
 Out of sportsman's hall, fir.

## SONG CLXXIII.

GOOD gentlemen, I pray draw near,  
 And listen to my ditty,  
 A pretty story you shall hear,  
 About my charming Kitty,  
 How sweetly she does suck it in,  
 A dram of gin, a dram of gin.

Down stairs she comes, with squeamish face,  
 And looks like any devil ;  
 Cries lack, alack, what shall I do ?  
 I fear I've got the evil ;  
 Oh, Moll, I fear, I must have again  
 A dram of gin, a dram of gin.

The tea for breakfast they prepare,  
 When she had had her frolick,  
 'Tis so insipid, Moll, I swear,  
 It will give me the cholic ;  
 Pour therefore in the tea-pot fine  
 A dram of gin, a dram of gin.

When she had din'd, she tips the wink,  
 Her maid she knows the meaning,  
 I've got the gripes, oh ! how it stinks,  
 And on the table leaning ;  
 Oh ! Molly run, thro' thick and thin,  
 For a dram of gin, for a dram of gin,

My cuckold he is very fly,  
 Don't let him see the pitcher,



Be sure to hide it near your thigh,  
 For fear that he should search there;  
 And if he does, think it not a sin,  
 'Tis a dram of gin, a dram of gin.

Here, Molly, take this teaster here,  
 And step to Nelly Rodger;  
 Tell her that I am not at home,  
 And it is for my lodger:  
 I'll be to thee a friend again,  
 With a dram of gin, a dram of gin.

The trade goes on thus every day,  
 She does not think of sorrow,  
 'Till gown and smock she's made away,  
 She does not care for to-morrow:  
 As long as she's got a farthing more,  
 Gin is all her store, gin is all her store.

#### SONG CLXXIV:

**W**HEN Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the green,  
 Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind,  
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,  
 And warmth with modesty join'd;  
 Transported with sudden amusement I stood,  
 Fast riveted down to the place,  
 Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,  
 And wander'd o'er every grace,  
 And wander'd, &c.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,  
 What raptures must dwell in her arms!  
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die,  
 O Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!  
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,  
 Soft transport my senses invade;  
 Young Damon step'd up, with the substance is fled,  
 And left me to kiss the dear shade,  
 And left me, &c.

SONG

## SONG CLXXV.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,  
 That scents the ambient air;  
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet  
 If dear Sufanna's fair?  
 If dear Sufanna's fair?

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,  
 And warble thro' the grove?  
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,  
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
 Let pride in splendor shine;  
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,  
 Be dear Sufanna mine.

## SONG CLXXVI.

GAY Damon long studied my heart to obtain,  
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the  
 plain,  
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,  
 And I often said no, often said no, when I long'd  
 to say yes.  
 And I'd often say no, &c.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame;  
 Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than  
 their fleece,  
 I could hardly say no, tho' ashamed to say yes.

Soon after one morning we sat in the grove,  
 He press'd my hand, and in sighs breath'd his love;  
 Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,  
 I design'd to say no, but mistook, and said yes.

At this with delight his heart danc'd in his breast,  
 Ye gods, he cry'd Chloe will now make me blest;  
 Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss,  
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,  
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife ;  
 Then take ye, young damsels, my counsel in this,  
 Ye must all die old maids, if you will not say yes.

## SONG CXLXXVII.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,  
 Each lad with his lass hither come,  
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,  
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,  
 To celebrate harvest home.  
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,  
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,  
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,  
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;  
 Let each man then then take, his prong and his rake  
 His can and his lass in his hand :  
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be, so happy as we,  
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth ;  
 While thus we carouse, with our sweet-heart, or  
 spouse,  
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth :  
 When Ceres bids play, and keeps holiday,  
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,  
 To celebrate harvest home.

## SONG CLXXVIII.

## RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met ; the social band  
 Round fam'd *Anacreon* took their silent stand ;  
 When thus the sage began ; be this the rule,  
 No brow austere shall dare approach my school ;  
 Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within,  
 Old Care begone, here sadness were a sin,

Tell

## A I R.

Tell not me the joys that wait  
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;  
 Wealth and wisdom I despise ;  
 Cares surround the rich and wise :  
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
 And Bacchus God of wine and mirth,  
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,  
 And I was born for them alone.

## RECITATIVE.

Business, title, pomp, and state,  
 Give 'em to the fools I hate.

## A I R.

But let love, let life be mine,  
 Bring me women bring me wine ;  
 Speed the dancing hours away  
 Mind not what the grave ones say.

## SONG CLXXIX.

**Y**OU may say what you will, but Belinda's too tall,  
 And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small ;  
 Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms,  
 Tho' the front of her stays are too wide for my arms.

'Tis certain miss Fanny's a sweet little dear,  
 And zephyrs spring odours when Lucy is near ;  
 But Chloe's all sweetness by nature design'd,  
 We might call her an hoghead of double refin'd.

When she dances, then leaps my fond heart like a frog,  
 When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog ;  
 I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew,  
 And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew.

She frequently mentions young Strephon the beau,  
 But why should I reckon my rival a foe ;  
 E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain,  
 We both shall find more than our arms will contain.

Ly'e

I've oft overheard the ill-natur'd expression,  
That beauty so bulky, must pall in possession ;  
In his notion the critic is surely miss'd,  
Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetness and grace,  
But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face ;  
She's always good humour'd, facetious and free,  
And only gives pain when she sits on my knee.

I start not, as tim'rous fribbles have done,  
At the substance of three or four females in one ;  
First balance her weight with his majesty's coin,  
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

### SONG CLXXX.

**T**O my ditty, good people, give ear,  
And around me describe a large ring,  
Where, let but your bounty appear,  
And I to some purpose shall sing ;  
My song to my manners I'll fit,  
My learning shall herein be shewn,  
And the height of scholastical wit,  
In philosophy set to some tune.

Whoever desires to be wise,  
To this maxim 'tis fit he adheres,  
He seldom must trust to his eyes,  
And seldomer yet to his ears ;  
For in truth, and in plainness to speak,  
There's but few things that are as they seem ;  
And as somebody says in the greek,  
Our life's but a sort of a dream.

A dream in which phantoms arise,  
That often impose on the mind,  
And deludes us, 'till death us surprise,  
E'er we the deception can find ;  
Ye chauce, through the world, while we stray,  
And our steps to no certainty tend

Our life oft runs on like a play,  
Of whose plot we ne'er think till the end.

The better my thoughts to explain,  
Since most by example are taught,  
From the treasure laid up in my brain,  
Some instances apt I have brought ;  
From whence, fir, you truly may see,  
If you on my word can rely,  
Mankind, as in truth, fir they be,  
Their varnish and vizards lay by.

The miser, at six a—clock prayers  
Who, by that, would his usury cloke,  
Is a sinner, whate'er he appears,  
And his cant, and his morals a joke.  
The lawyer, who knows you'll be cast,  
And yet, still takes fee after fee,  
Will find it a crime at the last,  
Whatever at present it be.

If of women you next should enquire,  
No skill can the knowledge impart,  
Though what outfides soever they wear,  
Coquets they are still in their hearts ;  
The prude, in her looks so demure,  
In her words and her actions so nice.  
Is often no more than a whore,  
Who wears, like a veil, this device.

Then, neighbours, who would be advis'd,  
You see 'tis a difficult task,  
Since whoever we meet with's disguis'd,  
And we pass through our lives in a mask ;  
Where men, like our actors, perfume  
On the tinsel and trapping they have,  
Buoy'd up by the parts they assume.  
Ne'er think of their exit.—the grave.

But you, for whose sakes I thus sing,  
On virtue you safely may trust,

Since



Since life's so uncertain a thing,  
 Who would for an hour be unjust ?  
 While fortune, the good and the bad  
 Does without distinction confound,  
 Fools often in purple are clad,  
 While merit in rags do abound.

One example I'll quote, do you see,  
 Of the matter no more's to be said,  
 Old Homer wrote ballads like me,  
 And sung them about for his bread ;  
 With destiny vain is our strife,  
 'Tis always too hard for a man,  
 Ill fate must be borne like a wife  
 With the very best grace that we can,

## SONG CLXXXI.

**W**HEN tutor'd by mother she oftentimes said,  
 There's money bid for the girl, hold up thy head ;  
 She laid out my work with a housewifely care,  
 And, making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.  
 Stick a pin, &c.

The humour so pleased me, however absurd,  
 That, in spite of my teeth, it became a cant word ;  
 And once, when the parson had ended his pray'r,  
 I could not help calling out, stick a pin there.  
 Stick a pin, &c.

He came to my mother, and loudly complain'd :  
 His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd ;  
 And before he could clap his fat bum in a chair,  
 I sily stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.  
 Stick a pin, &c.

I met my dear jack in a field of new hay,  
 He kiss'd me and teas'd me with amorous play ;  
 A green gown he gave me, and swore it was fair :  
 Hold, firrah, said I, would you stick a pin there ?  
 Stick a pin, &c.

He

He often attempted to rifle my charms,  
 As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms;  
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,  
 For Jack is the lad—but stick a pin there.  
     Stick a pin.

## SONG CLXXXII.

**T**O his poor cell a satyr led  
     A traveller with cold half dead,  
 And with great kindness treated;  
 A fire nose-high he made him strait,  
 Shew'd him his elbow-chair of state,  
     And near the chimney seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blows;  
 At which the satyr wond'ring rose,  
     And bluntly ask'd the reason  
 Sir, quoth the man, I mean no harm,  
 I only do't my hands to warm,  
     In this cold frosty season.

The satyr gave him from the pot  
 A mess of porridge piping hot:  
     The man blow'd o'er his gruel.  
 What's that for, friend? the satyr cry'd,  
 To cool my broth, his guest reply'd,  
     And truth, sir, is a jewel.

How, quoth the host then, is it so?  
 And can you contradictions blow?  
     Turn out and leave my cottage.  
 This honest mansion ne'er shall hold  
 Such rascals as blow hot and cold;  
     The de'il must find you pottage.

## SONG CLXXXIII.

**T**HE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,  
     The hills all white with snow,  
 Leave me dejected and forlorn!  
     Who can describe my woe?

But

But not the sun's warm beams could chear,  
 Nor hills, tho' e'er so green,  
 Unless my Damon should appear,  
 To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,  
 Disjoin my love and me !  
 The pining bird his fate bewails,  
 On yonder leafless tree !  
 But what to me are birds or brooks,  
 Or any joys that's near ?  
 Heavy the lute, and dull the books,  
 When Damon is not here !

The Laplander, who, half the year,  
 Is wrapp'd in shades of night,  
 Mourns not, like me, his winter drear ;  
 Nor wishes more for light.  
 But what were light without my love,  
 Or objects e'er so fine ?  
 The flowery meadows, field, or grove,  
 If Damon be but mine.

Each moment, from my dear away,  
 Is a long age of pain ;  
 Fly swift ye hours, be calm the day,  
 That brings my love again !  
 O haste, and bring him to my arms,  
 Nor let us ever part ;  
 My breast shall beat no more alarms,  
 When I secure his heart.



F I N I S.

